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NO. 10.

THE BELLRY OF THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O, who has not listened to Memory's bell
In the belfry built up by the Past?
How its magical numbers sonorously swell,
Weaving over the spirit full many a spell,
When rung by the breeze or the blast!

Now they whisper the gladness, or thunder the woe
Of each heart in the far-away time;
And no matter what scenes the numbers may flow
Over the tremulous soul as it listens below,
It must throb to the changeable chime.

For, but hark! now the raptures of boyhood appear;
Now the struggles of manhood are heard;
Now a rainbow is spanning some paradisaic year,
Now a heart with its cloud, and the eye with its tear,
When that bell in its belfry is stir'd.

Ah, no matter what themes from the music may sweep,
And no matter what feelings may start,
Not a mortal who listens, but sometimes must weep,
As he tremblingly looks in the perilous deep,
That is found in the happiest heart.

Yet, oh, yet is there one who has listened that bell
Rang afar by the breeze or the blast,
Would o'erthrow—while the numbers sonorously swell,
Weaving over the spirit full many a spell—
That dim belfry built up by the Past?

BLANCHE BERTRAND; OR, PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Romney Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER I. THE VOYAGERS.

The angle on the right bank of the Great Kanawha, formed by its junction with the Ohio, is called Point Pleasant, and is a place of historical note. Here, on the 10th of October, 1774, during what is known as Lord Dunmore's War, was fought one of the fiercest and most desperate battles that ever took place between the Virginians and their forest foes—a battle which is believed by some to have been rather than the action of Lexington and Concord, the opening scene of the great drama of the Revolution—for the Indians in this instance, it has since been ascertained, were urged on by the British agents to strike a death-blow against the frontiers, in order to pave the way for an easy conquest, in the event of the rebellious-minded Colonists venturing upon an open rupture with the Mother Country.

After the battle in question, in which the Indians were defeated with great loss, and driven back to their towns, in the interior of what is now the State of Ohio—and whence they would again have been routed by their indignant and chivalrous foes, but for the pusillanimous conduct of Virginia's governor, Lord Dunmore, who, as commander-in-chief of all the forces, pretended to have formed a treaty of peace with an almost conquered and barbarous enemy, and insisted upon an inglorious retreat—after the battle of Point Pleasant and the unwilling retreat of the Virginians, we say, a fort was here erected by the latter, which became a post of great importance throughout the sanguinary scenes of strife which almost immediately followed, and which in this section of country were continued for many years after that establishment of peace which acknowledged the United Colonies of America a free and independent nation.

In fact, it may be said that there was no real safety for the hardy and daring settlers of the West till after General Wayne's celebrated Treaty of Greenville in 1795; and Point Pleasant and vicinity, during the interval, witnessed many a bloody scene—it being a prominent frontier post, magazine, and rendezvous for the different traders and emigrants of the great interior of Virginia, who found the deep and navigable waters of the Kanawha a safe and convenient channel for the transportation of their goods to and from the banks of the Ohio.

The first fort erected here was a large rectangular stockade; and within this enclosure, a year or two subsequent to the battle of Point Pleasant, fell the noble and celebrated Shawnee chief, Cornstalk, together with his son, Elminpico, Red Hawk, and another Indian—all basely murdered by the garrison, in revenge for the loss of one of their companions, who was unfortunately shot near the fort by another party of Indians during the time that Cornstalk and his comrades, on a visit to the commandant, were being detained as hostages.

As if a curse had fallen upon the fort because of this most foul assassination of innocent parties, it was soon after destroyed; and another and smaller one, composed of a circle of cabins, was erected higher up the bank of the Ohio, about two hundred yards above the mouth of the Kanawha. This latter was standing at the period we have chosen for the opening of our story, and contained several families of men, women, and children, who lived by trading, hunting, and cultivating the lands in the immediate vicinity.

For some distance back of the fort, and all between the angle of the two rivers, the ground had been swept of trees and put under cultivation; and between the fort and the usual boat-landing, covering the sharp point of the angle, and the large grave of those who had fallen so nobly in the battle already mentioned, was a kind of lawn—the soft, green play-ground of the youth and junior members of the station, who not unfrequently



THE SURPRISE.—DEATH OF TOM HARRIS.

flocked here with all the light and hearty joyousness of children who had no cause for fear, though each had more than once heard the shrill war-whoop of the red man, and knew not at what moment it might startle him again.

The scene which we are now prepared to present to the reader, was one of placid and picturesque beauty. The bright sun of a clear and beautiful morning, in the spring of 1790, was pouring down his glorious rays upon a great forest, sweet and fresh with new green leaves and gay blossoms—upon the two glassy streams, rolling like mirrors between, and reflecting far down in their still depths every object presented above them—upon the open ground, fenced fields, browsing cattle, and fortified dwellings of the settlers—and lastly, upon the settlers themselves, in idle, busy, or romping groups, according to age, condition, or inclination, as they were seen scattered over the green lawn between the landing and their stronghold, which was now deserted by all save the aged and infirm.

At the landing we have mentioned was fastened a flat-boat of the kind used by the early navigators of the Western rivers. In shape and appearance it was not unlike the canal-boats of modern times, though more roughly put together, it being only required for the downward voyage. Its gunwale, almost straight from stem to stern, was some five or six feet above the water; it had an arched deck, reaching forward nearly to the bow; while a couple of long sweeps lying across, and a long steering oar at the stern, denoted the manner in which it was controlled and steered.

Upon the deck of this boat, at the moment we present the scene to the reader, stood five individuals, of three distinct classes of society, but all alike engaged in watching a group of persons, mostly females, who were slowly approaching the landing over the green lawn already mentioned. Of these five, one was a stout, sleek negro, in partial livery, and evidently a house or body servant; three were boatmen and borderers, as indicated by their rough, bronzed visages and coarse attire; but the fifth, of a different cast and higher grade than either of the others, would deserve from us more than a passing notice, were he not indeed so connected with the thread and incidents of our story as to render a general description both necessary and proper.

He was a young man, some two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine, commanding person, and a clear, open, intelligent countenance; and in the lofty carriage of his head—in the gleam of his large, bright, hazel eyes—in the internal lighting-up of his features generally—and in his easy, graceful, but unstudied attitude—there was a something which denoted one of superior mind, refinement, and education. His dress, too, though fashioned after the manner of the borderers, gave evidence of one who was an eye to his external appearance. His coat, of fine, dark cloth, of finer fabric than those usually worn in that section of country, was tastefully ornamented with fringes of different colors; his buckskin trousers fitted him as if cut by a tailor; his leggings and moccasins were close, neat, and ornamented also; and his felt hat, with its broad band, slightly looped brim, and dark, drooping feather, was set proudly, almost jauntily, upon his classic-shaped head. Above the polished belt around his waist, the bright blade concealed in its sheath below, projected the silver-mounted buck-horn handle of his hunting-knife; his mottled powder-horn, and ornamented bullet-pouch, were properly and conveniently adjusted under his right arm; and in an attitude of exquisite grace, that would have made a model for a sculptor, he partially leaned upon his silver-mounted rifle. That he was a passenger through the wilderness, who had dressed and armed himself in accordance with the customs of the country, rather than one who had had more than a slight acquaintance with the rude and perilous scenes of the frontiers, everything in his manner, dress, and appearance would

seem to testify; but as we shall have occasion in the course of our narrative to fully set forth who and what he was, we will leave him for the present, and turn to the approaching group, whom he seemed to be regarding with lively interest. Of this group, composed of a middle-aged man and four females, with a black female servant following some five or six paces in the rear, there was one whom the most casual eye would have singled out and rested upon with pleasure; and of that one only we propose to give such a description as will convey in the fewest words a general idea of her appearance, with a slight intimation of her character.

The lady in question, then—for she evidently was a lady, born and bred—was apparently about twenty years of age, of a slender and graceful figure, and of that peculiar cast of feature, which, besides being beautiful in every lineament, rarely fails to affect the beholder with something like a charm. Her soft blue eyes looked sweetly out from under long, drooping lashes; a kind of active, intelligent animation appeared to beam from the whole countenance; and when she spoke, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth, a winking smile played around two as pretty lips as were ever seen; and when she laughed, if we may be permitted the poetic idea, the music thereof seemed to come from the realm of sunlight—for her soul in such moments ever seemed to light up her fair face with an almost unnatural brilliancy.

But though effeminate to a refined degree, that face was not wanting in character; and he could have been no connoisseur in human nature, who would have judged her solely from her placid or joyous moods; for she was human, with passion, will, and pride; and there were times when those soft eyes could flash, those laughing lips curl, and those mellow tones become commanding and stern. Though of light complexion and a naturally fair skin, the present slightly brown hue of her features would have indicated exposure to the open air, such as might result from a long journey, had not her dress, of finer materials and more fashionable make than those around her, proclaimed her more recently from the older settlements at the eastward. Her traveling costume—a fine brown habit, high in the neck, buttoned closely over the bosom and around the wrists, and coming down to the small, pretty feet, without trailing on the ground—was both neat and becoming; and with her riding-cap and its waving ostrich plume, set gaily above her flowing curls, her *tout ensemble* contrasted forcibly with the rough, unpolished appearance of those of her sex beside her, with their linsy bed-gowns, scarlet flannel petticoats, and bleached linen caps.

"Oh, Blanche," said one of the more venerable of her female companions, pursuing a conversation which had been maintained since quitting the open fort behind them, "I cannot bear to let you go; for it just seems to me as if something were going to happen to you; and when I feel that way, something generally does happen."

"Well, aunt," returned Blanche, with a light laugh, "I do not doubt in the least that something will happen—for I expect one of these days to reach my dear father and blessed mother, and give them such an embrace as is due from a dutiful daughter to her parents—and that will be something that has not happened for two long years at least."

"But I don't mean that, Blanche," returned the other, somewhat petulantly; "and you just laugh like a gay and thoughtless girl, when you ought to be serious. Because you have come safe thus far, through a partially settled country, you think, I believe, your own pretty face will ward off danger in the more perilous wilderness—but I warn you that a fearful journey is before you! Let me repeat, dear Blanche, what your uncle here has already told you, that scarcely a boat descends the Ohio—as calm and beautiful as it looks to-day, under this bright sunshine—that does not encounter more or less peril from the savages that prowl along

either shore; and some of them that go down freighted with human life, are heard of no more, and none ever return to tell the tale."

"But why repeat this to me, dear aunt," returned Blanche, with a more serious air, "when you know it is my destiny, either good or bad, to attempt the voyage? My parents have sent for me to join them in their new home, and it is my duty to go to them, be the peril what it may."

"I know it, dear girl," sighed the other; "but still I feel very sad about this parting, and desire to thoroughly warn you of your danger, that you may not be lulled into a fatal security."

"But I am not the commander of the boat," returned Blanche, "nor even one who would make a very good defender of it; so pray, dear aunt, bestow your warnings upon those whose duty it is to carry it safely to its destination. For instance, now, there stands Eugene Fairfax, my father's secretary, and my allotted guide and protector, with rifle in hand, and looking very warlike; my black Duke, too, is there, as brave as a lion when the danger is at a safe distance; not to mention the three hardy boatmen beside them, who look as if fighting Indians might be a rather pleasant pastime than otherwise; and so suppose you give them their proper charge, dear aunt, and let me reap the benefit of it, without being obliged to treasure up such doleful matters in my poor, silly brain, and perforce become as lugubrious as the most superstitious of my Hugenot ancestors."

"Oh, Blanche! Blanche! you are a wild, giddy girl yet, I see!" returned the matron by her side, tapping her cheek playfully; "and God forbid your light, merry heart be ever saddened by a crushing calamity!"

"Amen!" returned Blanche. "You never did know what it was to fear!" pursued the good woman, rather proudly. "No," she repeated, turning to the others, "Blanche Bertrand never did know what it was to fear, I do believe!"

"Just like her father!" joined in the husband of the matron, the brother of Blanche's mother, the commander of the station, and the middle-aged gentleman mentioned as one of the party; "a true daughter of a true soldier. Her father, Colonel Philip Bertrand, God bless him for a true heart! never did seem to know what it was to fear—and Blanche is just like him, she is. Well do I remember," he went on, "when he and some half-a-dozen brother officers were surprised and pursued by that scoundrel Tarleton, about the time the vagabond was trying to catch Tom Jefferson, and the rest of the Assembly, for his brute master, Lord Cornwallis! Bless my soul! what do you think? Philip wanted to make a stand, and fight overwhelming numbers, to the last gasp; and when he heard that the infernal wretches had fired his barn and store-houses, it took more than one man to keep him from rushing back, single-handed, to take vengeance upon the dastards!"

"Thank you, uncle, for recalling that troublesome time!" said Blanche; "for it reminds me of passing safely through one peril, and is a presage of my surviving another, even should Aunt Mary's forebodings have a foundation in truth, which I trust they have not. Ah! well do I remember the time and scene you speak of, uncle!" pursued the fair girl, with lightened color and a flashing eye; "and had I then been a man, or even a youth in his teens, instead of a weak, puny girl of eleven, my father would at least have had one to join him in taking vengeance upon the ruthless destroyers of our beautiful home!"

"Ay, that he would! that he would!" cried the elated commander, clapping his hands; "that he would, I do believe! Ah, Blanche, my pretty heroine, you should have been born a man!"

"So wish not all of your sex!" laughed Blanche. "And so would not I say, were I thirty years younger, single, and none of kin!" was the gallant and laughing rejoinder of the uncle.

By this time the parties had reached the boat;

and the young man already described—and alluded to by Blanche Bertrand as Eugene Fairfax, the secretary of her father—at once stepped forward, and, in a polite and deferential manner, offered his hand to the different females, to assist them on board. The hand of Blanche was the last to touch his—and then but slightly, as she sprang quickly and lightly to the deck—but a close observer might have detected the slight flush which mantled his noble, expressive features, as his eye for a single instant met hers. She might herself have seen it—perhaps she did—but there was no corresponding glow on her own bright, pretty face, as she inquired, in the calm, dignified tone of one having the right to put the question, and who might also have been aware of the inequality of position between herself and him she addressed:

"Eugene, is everything prepared for our departure?"

"So far as I know, Miss Blanche," answered the young man, with a respectful bow, and coloring still more deeply.

"Everything should be seen to before we set out on this long journey, which will only permit us some two or three safe landings between here and our destination, the Falls of the Ohio," pursued Blanche, in a rather positive tone. "It will not do for our boat to spring a leak again, as it did coming down the Kanawha—for it will not be safe for us, I am told, to touch either shore between the different forts and trading-posts on our route."

"No, indeed!" rejoined her aunt, quickly; "it will be as much as your lives are worth to venture a foot from the main current of the Ohio—for news reached us only the other day, that many boats had been attacked this spring, and several lost, with all on board."

"No one feels more concerned about the safe passage of Miss Bertrand than myself," replied Eugene, in a deferential tone; "and since our arrival here, I have left nothing undone that I thought might possibly add to her security and comfort."

"That is true, to my personal knowledge," joined in the uncle of Blanche; "and I thank you, Mr. Fairfax, in behalf of my fair kinswoman."

Eugene bowed; and Blanche, turning quickly away, with, "Come, friends, let me show you my little retreat," at once led her female companions, by a short stairway near the bow, down into the body of the boat, where a small, neat cabin had been constructed and fitted up expressly for her use. It contained two berths, one for herself and the other for her waiting-woman—a large rush mat for the feet—a rude but cushioned settee—two or three camp stools—a kind of dressing-bureau, evidently of frontier workmanship—a small mirror—a few books—and a few other articles of minor importance; and though many a proud beauty of to-day might have entered it with a smile of contempt, yet for that period and region of country it was considered quite elegant, and drew many an encomium from the friends of Blanche.

While the female party were thus occupied below, the uncle of Blanche, calling the boatmen together, proceeded to give them such instructions and warnings as he thought might best promote the safety of his fair kinswoman and themselves.

"There will, perhaps," he pursued, "be no great danger, so long as you keep in the current; but your watch must not be neglected for a single moment, either night or day; and do not, I most solemnly charge and warn you, under any circumstances, or on any pretence whatsoever, suffer yourselves to be decoyed to either shore!"

"I hope we understand our duty better, Colonel," said one of the men, respectfully.

"I doubt it not," replied the commander of the Point; "I believe you are all faithful and true men, or you would not have been selected by the agent of Colonel Bertrand, for taking down more precious freight than you ever carried before; but still the wisest and the best of men have lost their lives by giving ear to the most earnest appeals of humanity. You understand what I mean? White men, apparently in the greatest distress, will hail your boat, represent themselves as having just escaped from the Indians, and beg of you, for the love of God, in the most piteous tones, to come to their relief; but turn a deaf ear to them—to each and all of them—even should you know the pleaders to be of your own kin; for in such a case your own brother might deceive you—not wilfully and voluntarily, perhaps—but because of being goaded by the savages themselves concealed. Yes, such things have been known as one friend being thus used to lure another to his destruction; and so be cautious, vigilant, brave and true, and may the good God keep you all from harm!"

As he finished speaking, Blanche returned to the deck with her friends, and at once proceeded to take an affectionate leave of all, receiving many a tender message for her parents from those who held them in love and veneration.

Quite a crowd of the idle and curious, mostly women and children, had by this time collected around the landing, to witness the departure of the boat; and as the latter swung out, and began to float down with the current, a general cheer was given, followed by many earnestly-spoken wishes, and silently-uttered prayers, for the safety of the voyagers in general, and the "sweet lady" in special, who had now, with high hopes and a beating heart, fairly entered upon the most perilous portion of her long and perilous journey.

CHAPTER II. UNDER WAY.

Blanche Bertrand stood upon the deck of the boat, as it slowly glided down the stream, looking back to those from whom she had tearfully parted, perhaps for the last time. She had been repeatedly warned of danger, and was not ignorant of many of the perils which lay before her; and

though young, brave, spirited, and buoyant, she had secretly felt more than she had shown, while listening to those who, childless themselves, loved her almost as a daughter. She well knew it to be no mere trifling journey she had undertaken—that of traveling, with only some two or three attendants, through the long wilderness which lay between the eastern section of Virginia and what was then called the Falls of the Ohio, now the city of Louisville; but she had come of a high-spirited, chivalrous stock—of a descent noted for courage, from the troublous times which drove her persecuted ancestors to Virginia, down to the present; and so, when summoned by the call of her father, to join him in the far wilderness, she had hesitated not a moment to commit herself to the perilous undertaking.

The father of Blanche, Colonel Philip Bertrand, was a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the Huguenot refugees, who fled from their native land after the revocation of the edict of Nantz in 1685. He had been an officer of some note during the Revolution—a warm political and personal friend of the author of the Declaration of Independence—and a gentleman who had always stood high in the esteem of his associates and contemporaries.

Though at one time a man of wealth, Colonel Bertrand had lost much, and suffered much, through British invasion, as already intimated in the preceding chapter; and when, shortly after the close of the war, he had met with a few more serious reverses, he had been fain to accept a grant of land, near the Falls of the Ohio, tendered him by Virginia, which then held jurisdiction over the entire territory now constituting the State of Kentucky.

This grant had decided the Colonel upon seeking his new possessions and building up a new home in the then Far West; and as his wife had insisted upon accompanying him on his first tour, he had assented to her desire, on condition that Blanche should be left among her friends, till such time as a place could be prepared which might in some degree be considered a fit abode for one so carefully and tenderly reared.

Blanche would gladly have gone with her parents; but on this point her father had been inexorable—declaring that she would be proper to send for her; and as he was a man of positive character, and a rigid disciplinarian, the matter had been settled without argument.

Besides his wife, and the half-a-dozen negro servants taken with him, leaving two with Blanche, there was another member of Colonel Bertrand's household, whom it is proper to mention in this connection. We refer to Eugene Fairfax.

This young man, of what in Virginia was considered a good descent, had been left a poor orphan in mere childhood, and been taken in charge by Colonel Bertrand, who had given him a good education, and otherwise treated him as one of the family, rather than as a dependant. Yet being naturally of that same high-spirited nature which characterized those around him, Eugene, as he grew up, had sometimes felt the disparity between himself and the proud and beautiful Blanche. Though for years beneath the same roof, there had never existed anything like intimacy between them. He had looked upon her as the beautiful heiress of a wealthy and distinguished family—she upon him as a humble friend—a dependant, even if a confident. He had always borne in mind his station in her presence—she had never for a moment seemed to lose sight of her own. And yet, strange as it may seem, she had conceived a passion for her in his youth, which had strengthened with his ripening years—and this in spite of his most earnest strivings to the contrary. Not a word tending to reveal this feeling had ever passed his lips; and if Blanche knew of it, it was only through a woman's naturally quick, intuitive perception; and nothing in her conversation or manner had ever shown that she was aware of what on his part she might possibly have considered the height of presumption.

When Colonel Bertrand removed to the West, Eugene Fairfax, as we have said, accompanied him; and coming of age shortly after, he had accepted the liberal offer of his noble benefactor, to remain with him in the capacity of private secretary and confidential agent. On taking possession of his grant, the Colonel had almost immediately erected a fort, and offered such inducements to settlers as to speedily collect around him quite a little community—of which, as a matter of course, he became the head and chief; and to supply the wants of his own family and others, and increase his gains in a legitimate way, he had opened a store, and filled it with goods from the Eastern markets, which goods were transported by land over the mountains to the Kanawha, and thence by water to the Falls of Ohio, whence their removal to Fort Bertrand became an easy matter. To purchase and ship these goods, and deliver a package of letters to friends in the East, Eugene had been thrice dispatched—his third commission also extending to the escorting of the beautiful heiress, with her servants, to her new home. This last commission had been so far executed, at the time chosen for the opening of our story, as to bring the different parties to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, whence the reader has seen them slowly floating off upon the still, glassy bosom of "the belle of rivers."

With this explanation of the relative positions and purposes of the different parties, and which we considered necessary to a proper understanding of what is to follow, we will forthwith proceed to the action of our eventful story.

Blanche Bertrand, as we have said, stood upon the deck of the boat, looking back at her friends, and occasionally waving her hand, and receiving similar silent tokens of regard in return, till the first slight bend in the river shut them entirely from her view; and then, with a long, deep sigh, she glanced over the calm, shining waters of the Ohio, at the dark, heavy, but beautiful forests which lined either shore, and turned to the different faces around her, with the air of one who felt ill at ease, and wished for something to divert her thoughts from a sad and gloomy train.

Perceiving her stout, sleek servant Duke, in conversation with his colored female companion, she called him to her side.

"Well, Miss Blanche?" said the negro, respectfully approaching his mistress, and doffing his hat politely, his smooth, ebony face fairly shining with good humor.

"Did you hear what Uncle William said about the dangers of this voyage?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Blanche—I've heard every one of dem dar observations."

"Well, what do you think about what you heard? Were you scared any?"

"Oh, no, Miss Blanche—I's never git skeered none, I doesn't. I's not one of dem dar kind of pusses as gits skeered easy, I isn't."

"But suppose for a moment, Duke, that we should really be attacked by Indians?—what would you do?"

"Oh, dat's a clar case, Miss Blanche," replied Duke, straightening himself up with an air; "clar as de light ob day, dat is. What 'ud dis chile do?"

Golly hebbens! I'd just stand up and fight 'em, like Marse Philip fit de Britishers!"

"But if I have been rightly informed, my brave Duke," pursued Blanche, with a mischievous smile, "you were not always noted for courage; for during the time that your Master Philip fought the British, and especially upon any report being made that the latter were near, it is said you were not always to be found; and that when our barn was burned, you made rather a narrow escape from the hay mow; but then perhaps you had stolen thither to get your weapons in order!"

"Well, dar, now, Miss Blanche," returned Duke, hanging his head and looking not a little foolish; "dar, now—don't say nuffin more 'bout dat; kase dat's a clar case, dat is; and I's a pussen as always has de magnanimity to own up beat when I's cothed clar, I is. But den you see, Miss Blanche, I pursued Duke, rousing up with a more martial air, "I was younger den; and dem dar red-coated Britishers wasn't Injuns, no how; and Injuns am what I 'posed to fight, dey is."

"Well, I only hope you will prove as brave as you talk—for it is more than likely your courage will be put to the test before we reach our destination."

"You doesn't see nuffin, does you, Miss Blanche, to gib you dat dar nogsification?" inquired Duke, glancing rather more uneasily from one shore to the other than seemed quite consistent with the character of one so very courageous.

"Well, I thought I did see something rather suspicious," said Blanche, with a serious air.

"Golly hebbens! what?" cried Duke, his eyes opening to their greatest extension, and his face losing a shade of its midnight hue. Then perceiving a rather mischievous twinkle in the eyes of his mistress, and comprehending at once that she was playing upon his feelings, he instantly recovered himself, and added, in a tone intended to be very dignified and warlike: "Just show me de suspicious object, Miss Blanche, and you'll see dar's no flinch in dis chile!"

"Very well, Duke," returned Blanche; "I will take your word for the present. And now go and tell Master Eugene I wish to speak to him."

Eugene, who was below when the message of Blanche reached him, instantly turned on his heel, with a slightly flushed face, and repaired to the deck, where the beautiful heiress received him with her wonted dignified courtesy.

"I have sent for you, Eugene," she said, "to know if you think we really have anything to fear during this voyage?—You have made the journey twice, I believe, and ought to know. It is true, you told me something of it before we crossed the mountains; but I confess I paid little heed to it then; and probably should not now have thought of questioning you on the matter, except that the repeated warnings of my relatives at Point Pleasant, have made me, in spite of myself, a little uneasy. Not that I by any means intend to play the timid maiden," she added, with a somewhat kindling eye; "but still, where there is danger, one likes to know it, and be prepared for it; and so I wish you to speak freely, and tell me the worst, without any reserve."

"I believe there is little danger, Miss Blanche—I should say comparatively little—so long as we keep vigilant, and do not venture to approach either shore," replied Eugene. "Many boats and their crews have been captured in descending the Ohio, it is true; two or three have in fact been seized by the savages this spring, and several others had very narrow escapes; but in every instance, I am inclined to believe, the misfortune has resulted, either from negligence and carelessness on the part of the crew, or from their giving ear, as your uncle expressed it, to the most earnest appeals of humanity."

"I do not exactly comprehend the last remark, which you ascribe to my uncle," said Blanche.

"He had reference to what is known on the river as decoys," explained Eugene. "In other words, you must understand, there are a number of white men among the Indians, either renegades or prisoners, who occasionally, either voluntarily or by compulsion, appear upon the banks of the Ohio, half some passing boat, and most piteously plead to be taken on board, alleging they have just effected their escape from a horrible doom; and it is hard for men, with feeling hearts, to listen to their touching prayers, and refuse to aid them; and in attempting to aid them, many have been lost; for often a number of Indians are lying in ambush, to attack the boat the moment it touches the shore; and it not unfrequently happens that the kindly-disposed boatmen and passengers, when not all killed, are forced in turn to act as decoys to others, before being carried into a captivity which generally results in a death of the most agonizing tortures."

"But since it is so well known that men are thus acting as decoys," said Blanche, "it seems very strange that any party should be so foolish as to give heed to them for a single moment?"

"But you must also understand, Miss Blanche, that these men are not known to be decoys, even when suspected, until too late for the escape of those who have sought in good faith to assist them; for many times the cry for mercy has come from those in the greatest need, and many a deserving fellow has been rescued in this manner. If there were any means of knowing the true from the false, the sad results which so often follow might be avoided on both sides; first, in the boats being able to escape danger—secondly, in those in need receiving due assistance; for if men have lost their lives by heeding the false appeals for succor, the truly suffering have likewise lost their lives through their abandonment by those who suspected them of treachery."

"I perceive it is not easy to discriminate between the right and wrong in either case," returned Blanche.

"Therein has ever lain the difficulty, with brave, noble-minded men," said Eugene—"though it will certainly not exist on our voyage!"

"Why will it not?" inquired Blanche.

"Because, having one valuable life to preserve, we have resolved not to be turned aside by any human prayer, whether true or false."

"You say one valuable life?" repeated Blanche, with a like emphasis on the numeral; "is there only one then of value aboard this boat?"

"There is certainly one we esteem of more value than all the rest!" bowed Eugene.

"Well, I suppose I must consider myself highly complimented, since it would be the height of affectation on my part to feign ignorance of the party meant!" rejoined the proud beauty, with a look and in a tone so unequivocal as to leave some doubt upon the mind of Eugene whether she was pleased or otherwise.

"Perhaps it is less a compliment than a simple statement of fact, that the single life of the sole daughter and heiress of Colonel Bertrand is of more consequence to the world than half-a-dozen lives of persons in mere humble conditions," rejoined Eugene, in a tone and manner which left his own meaning as ambiguous as hers.

Blanche looked at him for a few moments with a steady, searching gaze—a scrutiny which bore with unchanged countenance, though he felt that

she was seeking to read his very soul; and then she said, as if wishing to resume the main subject:

"I trust nothing will happen to put any life in jeopardy, however valuable, or however humble!"

"Such is my most earnest prayer!" replied Eugene; "and I assure you, Miss Blanche, that nothing on my part shall be wanting to insure the safety of all."

"While looking at yonder beautiful forest, with its green leaves, bright blossoms, and festooning vines," pursued Blanche, after a pause, pointing to the northern shore of the dark, placid river, "it is difficult to realize that murdering savages are lurking in its shadowy depths."

"It is like many a human face and form," returned Eugene; "fair and lovely to the view, but containing a base and treacherous soul within."

Blanche again turned a quick, searching glance upon the speaker, as if she fancied there might be a hidden meaning in his words; but if such was her surmise, his clear hazel eye met hers too frankly and openly for the suspicion to be verified, and she returned to the conversation in a buoyant tone, advancing one idea after another, and dwelling upon each with a poetic fancy that quite astonished and charmed her hearer, to whom she had never seemed to unbend so much before. Then, as it suddenly recollecting herself, she changed the subject abruptly to the voyage, made a few pertinent inquiries, and turned away to descend below, saying as she departed, in a tone of musical sweetness:

"Have a care, Eugene! I trust all to you!"

"And God knows I shall be faithful to the trust!" he murmured, gazing after her retreating form, with an expression which revealed, more clearly than he might have wished, the secret passion which stirred the depths of his inmost being.

The day, which proved a delightful one throughout, passed off without anything occurring worthy of note—Eugene making a careful inspection of the arms and ammunition, seeing that everything was in a proper condition, and taking every precaution to insure the safety of all, and especially of the fair being whom he secretly worshipped, as the ancient idolaters might have worshipped the sun, without hope of a reciprocity of feeling.

At night a careful watch was set, the hours of relief being so arranged that nothing might be neglected through weariness; and yet so much did Eugene feel his responsibility, as the head of the little party, that he remained up till near morning, walking to and fro along the deck, and now and then striving to penetrate the dim, starry light, which, along the broad bosom of the still, rolling river, lay heavy and black as a funeral pall.

The night, like the day, however, glided peacefully away, the second morning of what might fairly be called the journey of peril, dawning bright and glorious, and bringing our several voyagers to the deck with renewed animation and buoyancy of spirits.

The second day passed like the first; the third like the second; and when, on the following night, nearly all the different parties retired to rest, with that increased feeling of security which their so far uneventful progress had served to induce, it was little they dreamed of an impending fate more terrible than their darkest fancies had ever conceived.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST PERIL.

Slowly and silently, save the occasional creak, dip, and splash of the steersman's oar, the boat of our voyagers was borne along upon the bosom of the current, on the eventful night alluded to at the close of the preceding chapter. The hour was waxing late, and Eugene was the only one astir except the watch. The night was unusually calm and lovely, and the bright stars, in the soft, blue vault above, were shining clearly down upon the dark, placid river, and upon the great sleeping forests which stretched far away from either shore.

Taking his seat upon the deck, as the different parties retired to rest, Eugene gradually became lost in a pleasing reverie—his eyes occasionally resting upon the bosom of the stream, and occasionally upon its dark, faintly-defined boundaries—and yet with thought so abstract, and gaze so mechanical, as to note a single object within the range of his vision. His mind was upon Blanche—the proud, the beautiful, the fascinating Blanche—and he was recalling a hundred little trifles of the last few days, putting them together, and weighing them in the balance of hope.

Was she really the same in the balance of hope. As she had appeared of old—a being of indifference, dignity, and reserve?—or had time and circumstance brought a slight change?—a change to late give him pleasure, if not hope. At times of late he had fancied she was not wholly indifferent to his presence; that, if nothing warmer, she considered him a friend—an intellectual companion who might appreciate a poetic thought and fancy above the material plane; and these times he was recalling with delight—and almost unconsciously drawing a secret augury that he might not have ventured upon in more reasoning moments—when he was suddenly roused, and somewhat startled, by a rough hand being placed upon his shoulder, accompanied by the words, in the gruff voice of the boatman:

"I say, Cap'n, here's trouble!"

"What is the matter, Dick?" inquired Eugene, starting to his feet.

"Don't you see that's a heavy fog rising, that'll soon kiver us up so thick that we won't be able to tell a white man from a nigger?" replied the boatman—Dick Winter by name—a tall, bony, muscular, athletic specimen of his class.

"Good Heavens! so there is!" exclaimed Eugene, looking off upon the already misty waters. "It must have gathered very suddenly, for all was clear a minute ago."

"Not exactly, Cap'n, for I've watched it thickening for five minutes, anyhow; but then, when a man's asleep, a half hour seems not more'n a minute sometimes."

"But I was not asleep, Dick," returned Eugene.

"A rathier quar wake, then, Cap'n—a deaf wake, by thunder!—for I called you three times afore I shuk you!"

"That is strange!" said Eugene; "but no matter. What is to be done now? This is something I was not prepared for, on such a night as this."

"It looks troublesome, Cap'n, I'll allow," returned Dick; "but we're in for't, that's sartin, and I s'pose we'll have to make the best on't."

"But what is to be done?—what do you advise?" asked Eugene, in a quick, excited tone, that indicated some degree of alarm.

"Why, if you warn't so skeered about the young lady, and it warn't so dead agin orders from headquarters, my plan would be a c'lar and easy one—I'd jest run over to the Kaintuck shore, and tie up."

"No! no!" said Eugene, positively; "that will never do, Dick—that will never do! I would not think of such a thing for a moment!—we must keep in the current, by all means!"

"Ef we can," rejoined the boatman; "but when it gits so dark as we can't tell one thing from 't'other, it'll be powerful hard to do; and ef we don't run agin a bar or bank afore morning, in spite of the best of us, it'll be the luckiest go

that ever I had a hand in. See! Cap'n—its thickening up fast; we can't see cyther bank at all, nor the water nyther; the stars is getting dim, and it looks as if thar war a cloud all round us."

"I see! I see!" returned Eugene, excitedly. "Merciful Heaven! I hope no accident will befall us here!—and yet my heart almost misgives me!—for this, I believe, is the most dangerous part of our journey—the vicinity where most of the boats have been captured by the savages."

"It has a bad look, Cap'n, thar's no denying it; and I think the Kaintuck shore, whar the brutes is least like to be, is the safest run we can make; but ef we put for that, we'll hev to do it while thar's light enough to see our way, or else we mought find ourselves like a capsize'd land-turkle—legs up'ard, and no go."

"No! no!" returned Eugene; "it must not be; I tell you we must try to keep the current."

"Then I'll jest venture to observe, Cap'n, that it won't astonish me amazing ef we fetch up smash at the fast land."

"At all events, we must do the best we can, and trust the rest to Providence."

"Just as you say, Cap'n—Dick Winter's one of them as alays obeys orders, hit or miss. And thar's one thing sartin, let happen whatsoever may—the red niggers can't see us afore we can them—and ef it comes to the scratch, we're good for a few shots, anyhow."

"Heaven preserve us!" ejaculated Eugene, thinking of Blanche; "I would give up many a bright hope to be insured against this peril! There would be no safety in the Kentucky shore," he pursued, as if weighing the advice of the boatman; "the Indians are often prowling along that shore as well as the other."

"But not quite so like to be," returned Winter, "kase it's not quite so near thar stomping-ground."

"Your advice may be good, Dick," continued Eugene, beginning to pace rapidly to and fro, and watching the gathering and now almost impenetrable mist with an anxiety really painful; "but I dare not take it; for it is not only against the most positive orders of the Colonel, but I also have a presentiment that if we touch the land we are lost."

"Wall, you're cap'n," said Dick, "and it's for you to say. I'll do the best I can, for it's little as I wants to gin the bloody brutes my scalp—to say nothing of the young lady and the boat." Then, after a slight pause, and in a more cheerful tone, probably intended to relieve in some degree the apparent anxiety of his young commander, he added: "It's possible we can keep her afloat; and ef we should happen to strike, it'll be easy pushing off; and it don't foller that thar'll be Injuns thar to pitch into us, eyther. I'll stick to the steering-oar, and try to feel the current, and it's like we'll come out right side up, arter all."

"Fail not to take every precaution you can possibly think of, Dick, and I will call up your companions to aid you."

Saying this, Eugene hastened below, where he found the other boatmen sleeping so soundly as to require considerable effort on his part to wake them. At last, getting them fairly roused, he informed them, almost in a whisper, for he did not care to disturb the others, that a heavy fog had suddenly arisen, and he wished their presence on deck immediately.

"A fog, Cap'n?" exclaimed one, in a tone which indicated that he comprehended the peril with the word.

"Hush!" returned Eugene; "there is no necessity for waking the others, and having a scene. Up! and follow me, without a word!"

He glided back to the deck, and was almost immediately joined by the boatmen, to whom he briefly made known his hopes and fears.

They thought, like their companion, that the boat would be safest if made fast to an overhanging limb of the Kentucky shore; but frankly admitted that this could not now be done without difficulty and danger, and that there was a possibility of keeping the current.

"Then make that possibility a certainty, and it shall be the best night's work you ever performed!" rejoined Eugene, in a quick, excited tone.

"We'll do the best we can, Cap'n," was the response; "but no man can be sartin of the current of this here crooked stream in a foggy night."

For the next half hour there was scarcely a word spoken—the men putting over their long sweeps or oars, and trying, as Dick Winter expressed it, to feel the current—and Eugene pacing steadily to and fro along the deck, and striving in vain to pierce the misty gloom, which had gradually deepened, till not a thing could be perceived above, below, or around.

At length, stopping suddenly, he said:

"What success, men? what success?"

"All right, I reckon, Cap'n—leastways as far as we can see!" replied one to the right, with a light laugh at his own joke. "Thar's no bottom round on this here side, and that's one good sign. How is't with you, Tom?"

"Haint tech'd nary once, Seth," replied his companion to the left.

"Cheerily, men—be vigilant—leave nothing undone—and we shall carry her safely through, I do believe!" rejoined Eugene, in a lighter and more animated tone.

Another half hour passed away, when nearly the same questions were asked and answers given.

"Bravo!" said Eugene, with increased buoyancy of spirits; "if we can carry her safely for an hour, we may for two; and if for two, why not for ten? and less than that will give us back our glorious sun! Be vigilant—be active—leave nothing undone—and when we reach our destination, you shall have cause to remember this night with pleasure, gloomy as it looks now!"

"Ay, ay, Cap'n!" was the cheerful response.

Another long silence followed—the voyagers slowly drifting down through a misty darkness impenetrable to the eye—when suddenly our young commander, who was standing near the bow, felt the extended branch of an overhanging limb slightly brush his face. He started with an exclamation of alarm, and at the same moment the boatman on the right called out:

"Quick, here, boys! we're agin the shore, as sure as death!"

Then followed a scene of hurried and anxious confusion, the voices of the three boatmen mingling together in loud, quick, excited tones.

"Push off the bow!" cried one.

"Quick! I altogether, now! over with her!" shouted another.

"The devil's in it! she's running aground here on a muddy bottom!" almost yelled a third.

Meantime the laden boat was brushing along against projecting bushes and overreaching limbs, and every moment getting more and more entangled; while the long poles and sweeps of the boatmen, as they attempted to push her off, were often plunged, without touching bottom, into what appeared to be a soft, clayey mud, from which they were only extricated by such an outlay of strength as tended still more to draw the clumsy craft upon the bank they wished to avoid. At length, scarcely more than a minute from the first alarm, there

was a kind of settling together, as it were, and the boat immediately became fast and immovable.

The fact was announced by Dick Winter, in his characteristic manner—who added, with an oath, that it was just what he expected. For a moment or two a dead silence followed, as if each comprehended that the matter was one to be viewed in a very serious light.

"Why do you pause, men?" almost shouted Eugene. "For God's sake, set to work at once, and get her off! Every moment we remain here is as much as our lives are worth!"

"It's powerful easy to say, 'git her off,' Cap'n," answered Dick; "but I'd jest like to see ary ten men that could do it, in a night like this."

"And I'd jest like to see anything!" put in the one called Seth, who was ever ready with his joke, let surrounding circumstances be what they might. "But you will make an effort!" said Eugene. "You surely do not think of sitting quietly down here, and waiting for daylight, with perhaps the savages in close proximity?"

"No, we'll try, Cap'n—we'll do our best, ef it don't come to nothing!" was the response.

"And where are we, do you think?" inquired Eugene, fairly trembling with excitement—because so much through fear on his own account, as not so much through fear on his own account, as because of the danger which perhaps menaced the fair Blanche.

"It seems like we're stuck in the mud," replied the voice of Seth.

"Quit your jesting, Harper, and attend to your duty!" rejoined Eugene, in a stern, angry tone.

"I warn't jesting, then, Cap'n," replied the boatman, doggedly; "I war jest stating a right smart fact; and ef anybody knows whar else we is, I'd like 'em to speak out and 'lighten a feller!"

"I think we're agin the north bank of the Ohio," observed Tom.

"That's amazing c'lar wisdom o' yourn, Harris," rejoined Harper, with an oath; "thundering c'lar, thar is!"

"As c'lar as yourn, anyhow!" retorted Tom.

"And mine war c'lar as mud," returned the other. "We war gwine down this here river, and stuck agin the right bank, and you think it's the Ohio side? Why, whar else mought we be?"

"Agin a island, for all you know," growled Tom.

"In Heaven's name!" exclaimed Eugene, excitedly, "cease this jesting and wrangling, and endeavor to get the boat off before it is too late! I employed you for true, earnest, faithful men, and I find you neglecting your duty in the first moments of our greatest peril!"

"Cap'n Fairfax," returned Seth Harper, "that arn't so. I'm one o' them as thinks as how a man may as well laugh as cry over what he can't help—but I'll do my duty with any man as ever walked. You tell us to git the boat off o' a muddy bottom, whar she's stuck like a turkle in his shell—and it so dark, too, that we can't see afore nor ahind, and nothing knowed about the lay o' the land and river—and 'spect us to do it as easy as we'd snap pop-corn from our thumbs. Thar's not reasonable, and goes agin natur; but whatsoever can be done, we'll do. Come, boys, let's try for a look o' the land."

Saying this, the speaker went below, brought up a light, and held it over the side of the boat—help its reflection was so circumscribed by the dense vapor as to render it of no avail.

"I'll get over the bow, and try to git the lay of the land with my feet," said Tom; and forthwith he set about the not very pleasant undertaking.

At this moment Eugene heard his name pronounced by a voice that seldom failed to excite a peculiar emotion in his breast, and now sent a strange thrill through every nerve; and hastening below, he found Blanche, fully dressed, with a light in her hand, standing just outside of her cabin, in the regular passage which led lengthwise through the center of the boat.

"I have heard something, Eugene," she said; "enough to know that we have met with an accident, but not sufficient to fully comprehend its nature."

"Unfortunately, about an hour and a half ago," replied Eugene, "we suddenly became involved in a dense fog; and in spite of our every precaution and care, we have run aground—it may be against the Ohio shore—it may be against an island—it is so dark we cannot tell. But be not alarmed, Miss Blanche," he hurriedly added; "I trust we shall soon be afloat again; though, in any event, the darkness is sufficient to conceal us from the savages, even were they in the vicinity."

"I know little of Indians," returned Blanche; "but I have always understood that they are somewhat remarkable for their acuteness of hearing; and if such is the case, there would be no necessity of their being very near, to be made acquainted with our locality, judging from the loud voices I heard a few minutes ago."

"I fear we have been rather imprudent," said Eugene, in a deprecating tone; "but in the excitement—"

His words were suddenly cut short by several loud voices of alarm from without, followed by a quick and heavy tramping across the deck; and the next moment Seth Harper and Dick Winter burst into the passage, the former exclaiming:

"We've run plumb into a red nigger's nest, Cap'n, and Tom Harris ar' already butchered and scalped!"

And even as he spoke

LUCILLA AND GODOLPHIN.

A Scene of Bulwer's.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Dying, a wild, deserted dreamer lay,
With one rude lamp to fling its fitful light
Around her ruined beauty. On her brow,
And in the starry darkness of her eyes,
The chill and mist were gathering—but her heart,
With the impassioned softness of the South,
Heaved warm and fondly yet. Sadly she raised
And listened for the music of his step—
For, though the viewless armies of the Wind
Warred with the ancient woods, and rushing rains
Beat on the dark tents of the Night, she knew
Godolphin would not stray. At last was heard
The hurried trampling of a panting steed,
And in a moment more her faint white arms
Embraced the long-lost idol of her youth!

"Oh, Percy! it is thou!"
O'er the stars of Heaven
Forsook the meeting of this hour to me;
And thro' the long, lone night, with prayers I've striven
To draw it near—though death was in its train—
That I might kiss thy lip and hear thy voice again!

My lot! never yet
Wert thou so loved—not even when life was young,
When by Egeria's storied fount we met,
And listened while the Rose's minstrel sung,
And breathed sweet Italy's love-haunted air—
Thy strange moaning heart should now go wander-
ing there.

Godolphin! hast not thou,
In thy high destiny found clouds and tears?
Yes, by the furrowed paleness of this brow,
Unsatisfied thy heart beat thro' the years
That were to bless thee so! Alas, alas,
Bright Dreamer, well I knew, I knew—but let this pass.

'Tis thou—but thou art changed—
Upon thy golden curls dark shadows lie—
Thy heart from its young romance is estranged;
And, in the mournful splendor of thine eyes,
There is a glance whose anguish chills my breast—
Oh, that my love—my love! I had made thy bosom bleed.

Percy! I go—I go!
The stars with whom I've held bright communion long,
Demand my spirit from the scenes below—
Soon I shall smile amid the angelic throng—
And thou—thou shalt hear water sounds thy knell—
Thou too wilt come this hour—Percy! till then, farewell.

ROSALIND HUBERT;

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by
ROBERT BOWEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

When the old man had become calm, he went on
with his story.

"For a long time Anthony Carper lay there in
the road insensible, but finally he came to himself,
and found that he had been dragged up to the wall,
and that stones had been tumbled upon him. He
sat up, and was at length able to think. He
knew that it must be past midnight, for the moon
was up, and that did not rise until after twelve.
He was sure that his nephew had dragged him up
there, and felt the wall about him, so that it
might appear that he had been accidentally killed.
But, by a seeming miracle, he had been preserved.
The blows upon the head had been given by a
nervous, hurried hand, and had been all glancing
ones. The scalp was badly torn, and the blood
had flowed freely; but the skull was not broken.
Nor had the rocks hit any vital part. They had
only bruised the flesh, and torn the clothing. He
found his pockets rifled of all the papers he had
carried, but the assassin had not discovered the
leathern belt which he wore beneath his vest, and
within which were some three hundred dollars in
gold.

"When Anthony finally gained strength enough
to rise, his first thought was of the sufferer he had
left further down the hillside, and, with his brain
yet somewhat confused, he went back there. He
found the old man, but he was cold and dead. Life
must have been extinct for some hours. After this
Carper kept on down the hill, and at the foot he
met a wagon passing along upon the highroad.
He hailed the driver, and found him to be a farmer
going into Boston with a load of garden-sauce.
Had the old man been in the possession of his perfect
senses, he would surely have made his way to
the farm-house; but he was much confused, and
thought only of finding a physician. He told the
waggoner that he had got hurt, and asked to be
taken into the city, and carried to the house of
some honorable doctor. This the countryman
readily agreed to do, and accordingly helped the
wayfarer upon his wagon. Uncle Anthony was
brought to the city, and a kind doctor took him in
and cared for him. His wounds were dressed, and
in a few days his mind became clear and strong
again. He saw, in one of the daily papers, an
account of the finding of the body of the old man
who had died upon the hillside; and it was then
that the thought occurred to him that Thomas
Gondam might see the same thing, and think 'twas
the body of his uncle that had been found; and, if
such was the case, he meant to keep the villain in
that belief. And he had reason for this. He be-
gan to doubt the truth of what his nephew had told
him concerning Rosalind, and perhaps he might
have to search for her. If he did, he would be
safer in an assumed character than in his own. So,
when he was well again, and his strength had re-
turned, he donned a deep disguise, and went forth
to find his grandchild. But even that disguise did
not save him from his unnatural nephew's murderous
plotting, though a trusty friend was at hand to
ward off the assassin's blow.

"But," continued the old man, arising from his
chair, "Anthony Carper needs his disguise no more.
You all know his labors and adventures since his
appearance as the old sailor; or, if there are any
who do not know them, he will tell them at his
leisure."

Thus speaking he threw off the black wig and
shaggy beard, and revealed the bald head and
genial features of Anthony Carper himself. Thomas
Gondam did not move, even now. He had sus-
pected this from the moment when the old man
commenced his story. Rosalind was the first to
leave her seat. She saw before her the very face
of the happy commencement of an old dream, and
all the love of her pure soul went forth to her
grandfather. She fell upon his bosom, and gazed
up through her streaming tears and blessed him. All
the love she had so long cherished for parents whom
she had thought might some day come to her, took
form and substance now, and twined itself about
the father of her dead mother.

"You will love me, Rosa," the old man cried,
straining her to his bosom, while the big tears
streamed down his furrowed cheeks.

"I love you now," she murmured, gazing up
again, with a fond look. "I love you very much."

At this moment Thomas Gondam made his first
movement. It was so sudden and so unexpected
that no one was prepared to prevent it.
"Traitor!" he hissed, through his clenched teeth,
with his glaring eyes set upon the pawnbroker.
"You have done all this! You have betrayed me!
But you shall not live to reap the price of your
foul plot!"

He drew his dagger as he spoke, and bounded
forward; but Ludder was not taken wholly un-
awares. He had been watching those glaring eyes,
and he knew there was mischief in them. He
leaped back as Gondam raised his dagger, and
caught the uplifted arm. They struggled to the
floor, and the pawnbroker was underneath; but the
point of the weapon was turned, and as Gondam
came down the sharp steel entered his bosom. He
started back with a quick cry just as Mr. King
and Simon were ready to seize him. They lifted him
up, and saw blood streaming down his vest.

"It was your own weapon," said Ludder, rising
to his feet. "I did not do it. It turned when I
caught your wrist, and you fell upon it when we
went over."

"I saw it all," interposed Anthony Carper, who
had resigned Rosalind to the care of Albert. "You
were not to blame in the least. But you are ac-
quainted about here, so run for a physician as soon
as you can."

Ludder hurried away without further remark,
and Gondam was then assisted to the sofa, and his
coat and vest taken off, and his shirt torn open.
They spoke to him, and he glared at them madly.
"Curses on him!" he muttered. "He betrayed
me!"

"He did not betray you," returned Anthony.
"We had not seen him since the day on which
Rosalind left his house until we found him here
with you."

At this juncture Ludder returned with a physi-
cian. Gondam was growing weaker every mo-
ment, and the blood was flowing quite freely in
spite of the compress which Simon had held upon
the wound. Albert led Rosalind from the apart-
ment, for she was becoming faint with the scene;
and they sat down together in the kitchen.

"You found a true friend while you were away,"
he said, after he had opened a window to admit
the fresh air.

"Aye," returned she whom we have known as
simple Jane Lillon, "it is morning! And did I
not tell you that something seemed to whisper to
me that our fates would run together? O, Rosa—
the same bright morn that has given you back your
kind old grandfather has given back to me a gen-
erous, loving brother!"

"Aye," exclaimed Simon Peter, obliged to speak
vehemently if he would find utterance at all, "she
is my sister—the same Lillon Jane that I left with
that cursed old crab of an uncle. I know'd her
the minute I seed her. Them eyes ain't the sort to
forget. But she was afraid to write to me—afraid
to trust me. O, Lillon—you didn't know your
brother!"

Simon pressed his sister to his bosom, and then
turned away to the window and cried.

When supper was ready Albert's parents came,
and the evening was occupied in relating the ad-
ventures that had passed. Anthony Carper told
his story over again; and Rosalind told hers. It
was a season of wonder, of surprise, of joy, and of
devout thanksgiving; and never were more fervent
amens spoken than those that followed the earnest
prayer which the old clergyman offered up to the
Throne of Grace ere the party separated for the
night.

On the following morning Simon Peter called
Rosalind to the door, and showed her something
that lay upon the grass. She gave a quick cry
of alarm, for 'twas a large adder that she saw, and
her frightful screams came back with painful force
to her mind.

"Don't be scared, Rosa. It can't hurt you now.
It's dead. It crawled out from underneath the
door-stone this mornin', and I killed it."

When the grain hung in golden ripeness, and
the trees were tinged with their autumnal tints,
Albert Varrodonde led Rosalind to the altar. The
bloom of ample health had come again to her
cheek, and the sunlight of joy beamed in her bright
eyes. Simon Peter was groomsmen on the occa-
sion, and Lillon Jane was the bridesmaid; and old
Anthony Carper, as happy as mortal can be,
gave the hand of his beloved grandchild to the
care and keeping of one whom they all loved and
honored.

"You may take her, and keep her, Albert," he
said. "But, mind you, while I live I mean to keep
and care for you both."

And he kept his word. And he not only cared
for them, but he cared for others whom he loved.
When, a few years afterwards, an honest, indus-
trious mechanic took Lillon Jane for his wife, he
gave them a home, and settled upon them a bounty
that made them rich. And Simon Peter finally
took it into his head to ask Lucy King to be his
wife, and she did not refuse. To them the old
man gave a noble farm, and lived to see them en-
joy it, and prosper upon it.

And so Anthony Carper went quietly down to
the glorious twilight of his closing days. The fond
hopes he had cherished were all fulfilled, and the
stars of promise beamed brightly about him. When
Rosalind's children were old enough to prattle he
held them upon his knees, and told them stories,
and sang and laughed with them.

"Oh—Rosa, Rosa—you'll learn them to love me!"
And Rosalind hid her face in his bosom; and in
a little while, when she could speak, she said—
"They do love you, grandpa—love you dearly.
Everybody loves you and blesses you, for you are
so kind and good. And I know that God and the
angels love and bless you, too!"

END.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.

The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of
the man, or, at least, to abate somewhat of so sweep-
ing a generality, the one very frequently grows
into the other. The former is a sort of balloon,
a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one never-
theless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights,
as well as the direction to be taken by the more fully
expanded mind. Point out to us a boy of original,
or what would generally be called eccentric habits,
fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood-side
and river bank, prone to collect what he can search
out, and then on his return to shut himself up in
his room, and make experiments upon his gather-
ings—to inquire into the natural history of each
according to its kind—point such an one out to us,
and we should have no difficulty in pronouncing
him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far
better and happier arguer than his fellow, who
does but pore over his books, never dreaming that
there can be any knowledge beyond them.
Of such stuff as this were all our philosophical geni-
uses, from Newton to Davy, and so, from the nature
of things, they must generally be. And no won-
der. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose,
aye, and to take its own course, instead of resign-
ing itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit
indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.

THE DIAMOND BREAST-PIN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It will cost two hundred dollars, Anna!" said
George Blakely to his young, proud, extravagant
wife. The tone in which he said this showed that
her request had startled him.

"I know it will. But what are two hundred
dollars for a diamond pin?" Mrs. Blakely's voice
was half contemptuous. "Mary Edgar's diamonds
cost over a thousand dollars."

"Just one thousand dollars more than her hus-
band could afford to pay for them," said Mr.
Blakely.

"He's the best judge of that, I presume," re-
torted his wife. "But that doesn't signify. You
can afford to purchase this diamond pin."

"I cannot, Anna."

"What do you do with your money, pray?"

The young wife turned sharply upon her hus-
band, and her words and tone stung him into a
rather harsh reply. But this only aroused her an-
ger, and made her more unreasonably persistent.

"O, very well," said her too yielding husband,
at last, "go to Camfield's to-morrow and get the
pin. Tell him to send in his account on the first
of January, and it will be paid."

Mrs. Blakely was in earnest. There was not
one of her fashionable acquaintances but had a
diamond ring or breast-pin, and until she was the
owner of one or both, she could no longer hold
up her head in society. Her husband was receiv-
ing teller in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred
dollars per annum, when he married, which was
about a year before, and he still occupied the same
post, and at the same income. For a young man
in his position, he had not married wisely. The
handsome face and captivating manner of a dash-
ing belle bewildered his fancy. He proposed in
haste, was promptly accepted, and led to the mar-
riage altar, not a true woman, to be transformed
into a true wife, but a weak, capricious, vain crea-
ture, incapable of genuine love, and too selfish
and narrow-minded to feel the influence of ho-
norable principle.

An extravagant love of dress and ornament
characterized her from the beginning, and she
would hearken to none of her husband's gently
offered remonstrances. Nearly half of his income
she spent during the first year of their marriage,
in dress and jewelry.

The demand for a two hundred dollar breast-
pin, coming upon young Blakely, as it did, at a
time when he had just made the unpleasant dis-
covery of a deficit in his income, when compared
with his expenses, of several hundred dollars, sad-
ly disheartened him. But he was not brave enough
to meet the exigency, and, therefore, weakly yield-
ed to a demand that should have been met by un-
flinching refusal.

The first of January found Blakely short of
funds by considerably more than the price to be
paid for the diamond pin. Camfield's bill came in,
and must be settled. It would not do for him
to hold back in the matter of payment, for the
jeweler was an acquaintance of more than one of
the directors of the bank, and questions might be
asked, and inferences drawn prejudicial to his
standing. In an evil hour, under distress of mind
and strong temptation, the young man made a
false entry, which enabled him to abstract two
hundred dollars from the funds of the bank.

That was only the beginning of a series of de-
ceptions, which ran through many years, before
the exposure came which always follows such a
course of crime. It was easier now to supply the
extravagant demands of his wife, whose annual
wardrobe, and bills for jewelry, for which she had
that passion which is characteristic of weak minds,
almost reached the full amount of his salary.

But the end came at last. One morning, seven
years from the day of their marriage, Mr. and
Mrs. Blakely were about leaving for the opera,
when their bell was rung violently. Mr. Blakely
started and turned pale with a sudden present-
ment of evil.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife, who saw
the singular change in his countenance.

Mr. Blakely did not answer, but stood listening
towards the door. Men's voices were now heard,
and the tread of heavy feet along the passage.
There was a start and a hurried movement by
Blakely; then he stood still, as if riveted to the
spot.

"Who are they? What is the meaning of this?"
asked Mrs. Blakely in alarm. At the same mo-
ment two men entered the room.

"You are arrested," said one of them, "on a
charge of defalcation."

Mrs. Blakely shrieked, but her husband stood
still and statue-like, his face of an ashen hue.

"George! George! This is false!" exclaimed
Mrs. Blakely, recovering herself. "You could
not stoop to crime!"

"It is true," he answered, in a low, sad, des-
pairing voice. Then, laying one of his fingers on
the diamond pin that glittered on her bosom, he
added, speaking to her ear alone—

"You gained that at the price of your husband's
dishonor! You demanded it. I remonstrated,
and said I could not afford so costly an ornament.
You repeated your demand, and I, weak fool that
I was, permitted the contraction of a debt that
could only be canceled by dishonest means. I
thought, when I married you, that I had obtained
a wife whose virtues might help me upward on the
way to Heaven, but you have proved only a tempt-
ing fiend, dragging me daily nearer and nearer the
brink of destruction, over which I now fall to
hopeless ruin. I have robbed the bank, but it was
for you!"

Then turning to the officers, he said, in a calm
voice—

"I am at your service."

The words of her husband had stunned Mrs.
Blakely. Ere she recovered herself, he was gone.
She never saw him afterwards. That night he
passed to his account before a higher tribunal than
an earthly one, and she was left in poverty and
disgrace.

The story is one of every day life. George
Blakely is the representative of a class. Not all
of them rob banks, or defraud their employers.
But all of them, to support idle, extravagant
wives in costly establishments—costly in compari-
son with their means—spend more than their earn-
ings or profits, and fall in the end to pay their just
obligations.

A modern young lady, fashionably educated,
and with modern notions of style, fashion, and do-
mestic equipments, is altogether too costly an ar-
ticle for a young man of small means or a moderate
salary. Diamond pins, rich silks and laces, rose-
wood furniture, six, seven, eight or nine hundred
dollar houses, operas, balls, fashionable parties,
Saratoga and Newport, and success in business, are
altogether out of the question. If young men
would unite the latter and matrimony, they must
look into another circle for wives. A girl who is
independent enough to earn her own living as a
teacher or with the needle, is a wife worth a score
of such butterflies of fashion; and a rising young

man, who has only his industry to rest upon for
success in life, is a fool to marry any other. Use-
ful industry is always honorable, and difference of
sex makes no difference in this particular.

PARTING.

BY AUGUSTA HEERBERT.

What a hard and bitter thing it is to part. To
part not knowing that you shall ever meet again.
And who can know, when the "good-bye" sounds,
that he shall ever speak another welcome to that
friend?

Always there is an undertone of sadness in those
two words, "good-bye." They wait faintly even
when spoken amid smiles, and only for a few hours'
separation; but when it comes to be for months or
years, they are words of inexpressible sorrow. They
make the heart to sigh and weep as if at a grave.

"Good-bye," you say, and hold still tighter the
hand in your clasp—you cling to him who is going
yet does not go. "Good-bye" is repeated again
and again, and every time the pain gets harder and
harder to bear. And yet you cling to him. "Not
yet, not yet," you plead. "Oh! father," "oh!
mother," "oh! friend, not yet;" and if it be lover,
or husband, still more imploring is the prayer,
"not yet, not yet!"—and he answers, haply—"not
just yet!"—but what does it avail? He must go—
and you must see him no more till—oh! you do
not know when—perhaps never.

You have him now, you are in his arms, you
clasp his neck, you hold his hands, you look into
his eyes, you hear his voice—he is with you—close,
close—his real presence. You can touch his cheek,
and lips, and hair—you can speak to him, and he
will answer. You feel his heart-beats, you feel his
breath, you hold him fast, fast, as if you could keep
him with you forever. Your very heart's blood
seems pouring into his breast, and you feel as if the
cords and nerves of your body, as well as those of
your mind, were all linked and intertwined with
his, as if you must literally be woven under before
you could be parted; and yet you know that in a
minute more you will look and not see him; you
will stretch out your hands, and not feel him; you
will call, and not be answered; for he will be gone.
Oh! emptiness, oh, chaos—gone, gone, gone.

The clock strikes. There must be no more linger-
ing—you know that as well as he; but oh, he
unclasp him he will go, and you try to cling
with double strength. But he parts your hands—he
puts you from him—he rushes out and disap-
pears—you sink down and cover your face—you
know not whether you are in sunshine or in dark-
ness, nor do you care. You know this one thing,
that it is possible you may never behold that face
and form again till you both have dropped the
body, and gone whence none return.

The life that is so often rent by such partings
would be a woe, a mockery, a curse, were Earth
all.

"Absence is not the heart torn by it
From more than life, and light, and breath
'Tis Lethe's gloom without its quiet,
The pain, without the peace, of death."

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

I have met, says a graphic writer, with several,
and witnessed many wonderful and narrow escapes.
A friend, who had been out shooting for some
hours, coming home tired, without thought or re-
flection, was on the point of throwing himself on a
stretching to rest, when he was suddenly pulled back
by a bystander, who had observed a tremendous
brown snake coiled up on the opposite bank. The
snake was horrible, but providentially saved. The snake,
of course, was soon despatched. Another friend
on a cruise, put his saddle down for a pillow at
night as usual, and on lifting up the saddle-flaps
the next morning he observed a beasty dead adder
lying flat down. He soon dropped the saddle, and
killed the snake. While giving our horses water
one day, my cousin saw a black snake, half in and
half out of the water; he shot it and put it on an
ant hill to watch the ants at work. While so en-
gaged, its mate came at us, passing over my instep,
in a state of great excitement; it was also shot.
On going over the Main Range a deaf adder was
observed, creeping on a poor quail which crouched
on the ground, fascinated; we allowed the poor
bird to fall a victim; and then struck at the adder.
The blow did not take effect,—and the reptile
sprang three feet at my friend, who escaped un-
hurt; the adder was subsequently killed. Again,
being one day encamped on the Main Range, for
the purpose of cutting bark with my brother and
a friend, I had to go down to a little water-hole to
fill the quart pots for tea; while stooping down to
my task an enormous black snake slid down the
bank, quacking and hissing; before I could re-
cover from my fright he had passed over my arm,
and up the opposite bank. I was too much ter-
rified to shoot at him, though I had my gun at my
side. Two more instances will suffice—a little
child, the daughter of a friend of mine, playing on
the verandah, was on the point of picking up what
she thought a varnished piece of wood,—so flat and
straight was it extended,—when her father called
her back. The snake (for such the piece of wood
turned out to be) basking in the sun, proved to be
a large diamond snake about nine feet long.
Again, I was sitting with my sister, after the chil-
dren were put to bed, and having heard that a
snake had been seen in the house during the day,
we were frightened. While engaged in conversa-
tion we heard noises of "Cah, cah, cah," issuing
from the rafters and shingles; and, to our horror,
beheld a nasty yellow snake hanging down over
our heads, as if about to spring upon us; up we start-
ed, a gun was soon brought to bear upon him, and
he fell down; I found two mice inside him,—for
which, no doubt, he had visited us.

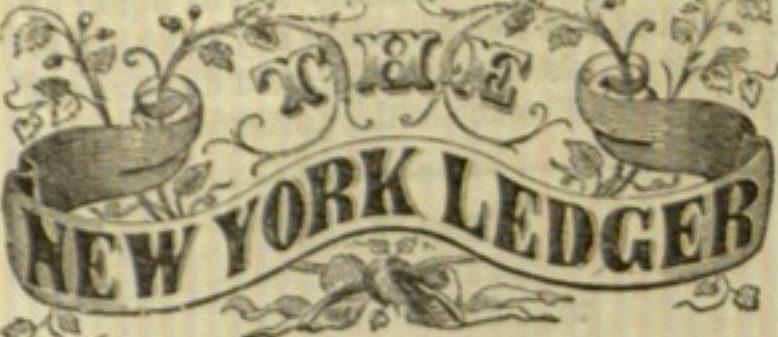
CONVERSATION.

There is no part perhaps of social life, which
affords more real satisfaction than those hours
which we pass in rational and unreserved conver-
sation. That conversation, however, may answer
the ends for which it was designed, the parties who
are to join in it must come together with a deter-
mined resolution to please and be pleased.

In the conduct of it, he not eager to interrupt
others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted,
since you speak either to amuse or instruct the
company, or to receive those benefits from it.
Give, therefore, leave to speak in turn. Hear with
patience, and answer with precision. Inattention
is ill-manners; it shows contempt; and contempt
is never forgiven.

Trouble not the company with your own private
concerns; you do not love to be troubled with
those of others. Yours are as little to them as
others' are to you. You will need no other rule
whereby to judge of this matter.

Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that
each person may have an opportunity of discour-
suring. By observing this rule, every one has it in
his power to assist in rendering his conversation
agreeable; since, though he may not choose or be
qualified to say much himself, he can propose ques-
tions to those who are able to answer them.



ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A WORLD-NECESSITY.

It needs, or a disposition to deeds of vengeance and blood—the strong beating down the weak, and might triumphing over right—are the concomitants of a state of savagism. Christendom ranks a long way from peaceful civilization. Without exception, all the States of Christendom profess to be governed by a regard for the Christian religion, and the law of God as thereby incultured; but not one of those States lives up to such profession. The Christian religion admonishes nations, as well as individuals, to do justice and love mercy—to respect one another, and act for each other's weal. But the spirit and policy of kings and courts seem incurably allied to the camp and sword, and even their most enlightened diplomacy reserves the conclusive weapons of peace, until war has tracked the pleasant fields, and made desolate the happy, humble homes of Empires.

It is scarcely a matter of doubt, that more blood has been shed in hostile encounters between nations and races since, than for the same period before the Christian Era. Nor is it at all a matter of doubt, that every dispute has been finally settled by other arguments than clashing steel. And it requires not an instant's reflection, to perceive that had the last resort prevailed first, nations and races would have been the infinite gainers. The blood and treasure wasted in making the Earth barren, might long since have rendered it a mortal paradise, giving to the poorest and lowliest happy and beautiful homes. To humanity and civilization, everything has been lost by the savage ambitions and robber propensities of the Earth's rulers.

It is a world-necessity, then, that nations should reverse their savage spirit and policy, and by the institution of a Congress or Conference of Nations, at once settle those feuds and questions heretofore involving war—but never settled save by diplomacy—at a cost no greater than now sustains a dozen ambassadors, and entailing no widowhood and orphanage, and no wide-spread national ruin. Is it not the most wicked and absurd thing conceivable, that the humors of half-a-dozen kings and emperors should be able, in Christendom, to subvert the spirit of Christianity, set right and justice at defiance, and scatter desolation among millions of peaceful men. Does it seem possible, when we become for a moment rapt in a vision of "golden ages" and "millenniums," so vociferously preached and prophesied, that after all mankind are as prone to violence—of the bloodiest kind—as though civilization and Christianity were a dream.

The laws that govern nations, morally considered, should be an enlargement of those regulating individuals and societies; and appeals to force and blood are as indefensible in the nation, as in the individual. As a human, civilized, and especially as a Christianized being, man submits to society, and except in violation of his compact, cannot assert his rights or redress his grievances, without reference to society. Why, then, cannot nations, which are the offspring of societies, be governed by principles of equity instead of a code of blood? Permeated by weapons of blood have never been permanent, and no warlike adjustment of feud ever was satisfactory. The world has been taxed, drugged, drained—national debts and horrors accumulated—whole peoples beggared and enslaved, and yet, in the Nineteenth century of the Christian Era, the old savage code of blood stands, and war is the chief resort for settling national differences. Shame on our age, and its Christian statesmen and legislators—alices of bloodshed and desolation! These could banish war, and inaugurate in a single generation universal peace among the nations.

THE LEDGER ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.

Under this caption the *New York Evangelist* says: "The course of the secular journals on the Sabbath question, now so prominently before the public, must be regarded with lively interest by every friend of sound morals. With few exceptions, their tone is all that could be desired. * * * The unflinching advocacy of right principles as to the Sabbath, by the *New York Ledger*, whose circulation far outstrips that of ———, has a salutary influence. Leader after leader in the *Ledger* has been devoted of late to the defence of the Sabbath as a divine and blessed institution. We copy one of the briefest of the series, congratulating the friends of order and morals on the good influence of such views, uttered weekly in more than three hundred thousand households, all over the land."

We are gratified at finding the above in the columns of a leading and influential religious paper like the *Evangelist*, because it shows that wherever the *LEDGER* is understoodly read it must be appreciated. Many people—and good people, too—who have not been in the habit of reading the *LEDGER*, have supposed that it was a mere "story paper," and that in all its articles it was light and trivial, like other papers which resemble it in outward appearance. But that impression is passing away; the high moral tone of the *LEDGER*, the exalted reputation of its well-known contributors, the practical and unmistakably pure and healthy character of all its articles, and the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, are gaining for it a position that no literary paper has ever before occupied. We feel, and always have felt, since the *LEDGER* attained its immense circulation, that a tremendous responsibility rested on us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that ultimately we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.

HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

Heroes of the battle-field, and heroes of the sea! Of these how frequently we hear—worthy often, and often overpraised. But the heroes of peaceful industry, in all the commoner walks of life—what of these? Of the farmer, delving out yonder in pasture and plow-land—of the swifter of the hammer, in the forge—of the builder, under whose touch tower and temple spring into proud proportion. What of these world-wide common workers, whose ceaseless, uncomplaining toil quickens the pulse and animates the life of nations. Who will sing their psalm—who has written their history and renown? To Triumph! to the heroes of Industry.

We have heard among the idlers who float on the surface of society, contemptuous flings at those whose heritage is toil. They sneer at the hard and swarthy hand of labor, but they forget that of all that is useful, luxurious or beautiful, on this earth, toil has been the creator; that from the marble palace to the "white kids" of the tailor's most exquisite walking sign, all has been wrought out by human industry. It is the toil of swarthy hands, that pitiful idler and sneerer, that has reared empires in the Old, and planted republics in the wilderness of the New-World; that has hewn the rock in the quarry, and built the temples and monuments of nations; that has achieved whatever fame belongs to genius, with the sculptor's chisel, the painter's pencil, and the poet's pen; that has winged the ocean with white sails, and exchanged the products of every clime; that has measured the circuits of the stars, and planned the lightnings to descend upon wires to be the new Mercury of the world.

Industry! why, man of idleness, this is what rocked your cradle and has nursed your pampered life. Without it, the woven silk and wool on your back would be in the silk-worm's nest and in the fleeces of the shepherd's fold. For the meaneast thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil. It is only the drones who toil not, but infest the hives of industry like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth—if they would but know it—are the working men, who can build up or cast down at their will, and who can retort the sneer of the "soft-handed," by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization, and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil! your royalty is yet to be acknowledged, as industry rises toward the highest throne of power. Work on, and in the language of the poet, be

"A glorious man! and thy renown shall be
Born by the winds and waters through all time
While there's a leaf to wave it on the sea
From clime to clime,
Or God ordains that idleness is crime."

ROOTING OUT THE ROGUES.

The work of suppressing the various swindling schemes which center in this city is being still carried on vigorously and unrelentingly by Mayor Tieman, Sergeant Berney, City Judge Russell, and Recorder Barnard. The rogues are beginning to understand that the onslaught upon them is no mere "new broom" affair, but a well organized and permanent movement, skillfully and inflexibly carried out. The official personages above mentioned have made up their minds that rascality shall no longer stalk abroad in this city, nor even be permitted to rest undisturbed in its secret hiding-places. They have resolved to remove from the metropolis of the western world the stigma of being the worst-governed city on earth, which has so long rested upon it. They have begun the work nobly, and nobly are they carrying it on. They have the hearty sympathy of the citizens of New York, the rogues and swindlers excepted, and have a chance to run a career of honorable popularity such as has not been witnessed for many years. Honesty is the best policy in public as well as in private life, and no people are more ready than Americans to stand by efficient public officers, and to reward bold, honest and upright official services. It is the popular belief that rascality has long had too good a chance in our criminal courts, and the people are intensely desirous of having villains reduced at least to a level with honest men in this respect, and the public magistrates who do their duty in the premises will not lack for abundant appreciation and support. The ticket-swindlers, emigrant runners, mock-auction villains, and gift-enterprize men will very soon have run their race!

FOREST GIANTS.

"There were giants in those days," saith the sacred record. So have we giants here in America. Our Western world is famous for its Cyclopean marvels, wonderful even as the "Anaks" of old. The European, visioning hitherward beholds our giant rivers, cataracts, caves, lakes, and mountains—and "Young America" stretching his limbs over spaces of gigantic empire. Asian pyramids, temples and sphinxes, dwindle before the natural productions of our clime. And not least wonderful of our giant things, is that tree blossoming away on the mountain tops in our land of gold. Only fancy it towering above the loftiest peak of the Nevada! waving four hundred feet—twice as tall, nearly, as Trinity's spire or the column at Bunker Hill—with a circumference of ninety-five feet at the base, and counting by its rings a life of thirty-five hundred years. Only fancy such a tree—strong and healthy now—a shrub when Samson was slaying the Philistines and carrying off the gates of Gaza; or when Paris, by the sacrifice of the beautiful Helen, gave the world a Trojan war, to be sung by the king of poets. Well may it be called the "Giganta Americana." Think of it scooped at the base, for a war dance or a convention—waving amid the clouds its "leafy arms." Think of it cut into three hundred cords of wood. Think of it crashing before a lightning stroke, shaking the firm earth in its fall. Dating back to the age of the pyramids, who can say that it may not have sheltered some of those "Sons of God," who, in the eldest times looked upon the daughters of men, and seeing they were beautiful—as they still are—took of them wives, and gave a race of human giants to the earth.

THE STIMULUS OF EXAMPLE.

The United States and England have initiated ocean telegraphing. The conception and the courage to attempt its realization are the lasting credit mark of the two nations. But the example, so noble and worthy this great era of civilization, is not likely to remain solitary. Nations are imitative, as well as men and monkeys. We—B. J. and J. B.—are "first and foremost," as usual, in the field, but others will soon be on our track, or on tracks great and glorious as ours. Russia feels the inspiration of example. She indicates her good will and pleasure in behalf of over-winning earth and under-winning oceans, that she may, via Siberia and our remotest north-west, have a lightning talk with the New World, independent and on her own hook. Bravo, Russia! Come on with your wires—the more the better and the merrier, and the more we all talk in this way, the less we shall bandy words of quarrel, and seek to cut one another's throats.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OLD MAIDS' HUSBANDS.

Did you ever hear an old maid talk about matrimony, or a girl who was trembling on the brink of old-maidism, and feared to launch away? If there is anything that effectually doubles up a married woman, it is that. What can an old maid know about such things? As well might I write an agricultural and horticultural description of a country by looking on a map. What pitying compassion she has for married men, every one of whom is victimized because he did not select her to make him "the happiest of men"—I believe that is the expression of a pair of trousers on its suppliant knees, if not, I stand ready to be corrected—by anybody but an old maid. With what a languishing sigh she marvels that Mrs. Jones could ever be so criminal as to neglect to sew on an ecstatic shirt-button for such a man as Jones, whom it would be glory enough to hold a shaving-box for while he pined on the soap-suds, which is her particular element. What a shame that Jones cannot stifle his own baby, if he feels like it, by smoking in its face, and leave his boots and coat and vest on the parlor floor, if he takes a fancy to do it.

Ah—had Jones but a different wife! (And here imagine a sigh which, for depth and profundity, none but a sentimental old maid on the anxious seat can heave.) What pleasure to black his boots for him of a morning; to get up in the middle of the night, and cook a tender-loin breakfast; to prove her devotion by standing on the front door step, with chattering teeth, in a cold north-easter, waiting for the dear coat-tail to come home; to hang up his dear hat for him, to put away his dear cane, to take him up gently with the sugar-tongs, and lay him on the sofa till tea was ready, and then feed him like a sweet little bird, bless his shirt-buttons!

How hot his toast should always be; how strong his tea and coffee; how sweet his puddings; how mealy his potatoes; how punctually his clean shirt should be taken out of his drawer for him to put on; how sweetly his handkerchief should be colonized with his own cologne, and his cigar-case magnanimously put by her own hands in his dear little side-pocket, and how it should be the study of her life to find out when he wanted to sneeze, and arrest a sneeze for the purpose.

Do you know what I wish? That all the die-away old maids who go sighing through creation with a rose-leaf to their noses, lecturing married women, and sniveling for their little privileges, had but one neck, and that some muscular coat-sleeve, equal to the occasion, would give them one satisfying hug, and stop their nonsense.

OUR NATIONAL SONG.

What a shame, I always exclaim, on being lifted off my toes by the "Marseilles Hymn," and "God save the King," that England and France should have so much the advantage of us in their national songs. That flippant, tripping "Yankee Doodle" to be the exponent of our "76" blood! It don't commence to tell the temperature of mine, nor "Hail Columbia" either; but I will tell you what does—Old Hundred—and I never hear its grand, swelling, spirit-stirring strains, that I do not pine to inaugurate it as our national song—that I do not wish I were a poet, that I might write words for it which would thrill the hearts and linger on the lips of uncounted generations yet to come, and be more terrible to crowned tyrants than grape-shot or cannon ball.

Oh, I know what you are going to say—that it smacks too much of the church steeple, and that is one of the best arguments you can offer for its adoption for the purpose I have named. There's not a toothless old woman nor a lisping child in the land to whom it is not holy, and there's many a man whose private life would fill bare the portal of his lips at the sound of it, and startled even himself with the involuntary and audible—

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

And they are blessed words—I would not have them forgotten. Still I ask, who will pen us a patriotic song for Old Hundred? A song that will tell of the brave hearts of the men and women of the Revolution; for the women had their work to do, and the recording angel knows how nobly and noiselessly they did it. A song that will bring their effeminate descendants to their feet like a battle-shout, and make them wage war against something besides petty sectional and personal jealousies. A song odoriferous of "the Mayflower," and her stern but loving hearts of oak; a song from out which shall swell the exultant shout of the Christian patriot, a song which shall whisper woman's last feeble "thank God," that she died where her conscience could cast off its shackles.

I shan't rest contented till this is done. It haunts me like the ghost of Freedom, and sometimes I think, by the way, that is all there is left us of it? Where's General Morris? And what an abuse of God's good things to take a poet to make a Consul.

FANNY FERN.

BUDS.

Reader, did you ever give the physiology of a bud particular attention? If not, now that we are in the season when they are expanding themselves for our pleasure and profit, follow us, for a moment, in contemplation of its beautifully simple philosophy.

The bud, in the language of Botany, is called the *hibernacle*—that is, the winter-house in which the rudiments of the future leaf, or flower, lodges during the colder portion of the year. It contains an epitome of these, carefully wrapped up in successive layers of little scales, which patiently await the attractions of heat and moisture, the coming spring. Within this little receptacle reposes the future flower, or leaf, singly or together, according to the nature of the plant whose adornments it stands ready to supply at the word of the divine command.

Thus we see that each bud of tree, or shrub, or flower, is a voice of prophecy. As an emblem of hope and courage, what could be more interesting to contemplate? What more strikingly expressive of the wisdom and goodness of the Great Creator! No wonder we hear, so often, of "budding hopes"—for nothing could furnish half so striking an analogy as these *hibernacles*. Human hopes often lie hidden in the chilled heart, awaiting the encouragement of a single word of kindness, a single ray of warmth from some sympathetic eye, as the buds await the heat and moisture of the spring!

Now, after a winter of business inactivity longer far than the reign of Hibernus, more hearts, perhaps, than ever before, find representatives in the expanding buds of spring. And is it not some consolation to be able to believe that the order of the one promises to be that of the other, and that the season of a universal expansion, after the cautious and provident manner of Nature, is at hand!

"ONE THING AT A TIME."

If there is one fact, in the arrangements of active life, now-a-days, more noticeable than another, it is the tendency towards division of labor, which so greatly prevails. Articles which, once, were made by a single artisan, now furnish work for a score.

The same tendency is perceptible in mercantile affairs. Once, the merchant was expected to make a sort of universal ark of his establishment, where everything might be bought. Where does he do this, now, outside of country villages? The same is true of agriculture—that great primitive source of wealth, health, and true happiness. See how it is divided into "agriculture proper," as we have now to say, horticulture, and floriculture. So of the professions. Once all diseases were entrusted to the skill of the general medical practitioner. Now behold the army of dentists, to some one of whom every respectable doctor is expected to send the victim of toothache, if any one is accessible. Then, read the advertisements of the oculists, the artists, and even the "chiroprudists," to say nothing of the other "specialists," such as the curers of cancers, consumptions, &c. Again, we find surgery become almost a distinct branch, and obstetrics following the same rule of division of labor, or "one thing at a time."

This is all as it should be. The day of the "Jacks of all trades" is fast fading away, and more intelligent and the discriminating are coming to expect from the whole tribe of them a confirmation of the second clause of the saying from which we have just quoted—"masters of none."

THE PEOPLE'S DAY.

Continuous Sabbath labor does not answer even commercially—it does not increase the aggregate amount of work performed. Willerforce testifies: "During the war it was proposed to work all Sunday in one of the royal manufactories, for continuance, not for occasional service; and it was found that the workmen who obtained Government's consent to abstain from working on Sundays, executed more work than the others." Captain Stansbury, leader of the surveying expedition to the region of the Salt Lake, in his official report to our Government, says—"I here beg to record, as the result of my experience, derived not only from my present journey, but from many years spent in the performance of similar duties, that, as a matter of pecuniary consideration, it is wise to keep the Sabbath. More work can be obtained from both men and animals by its observance, than where the whole seven days are uninterruptedly devoted to labor." Another writer remarks—"Sunday is the people's day. Destroy its sacredness, take that seventh of our time out of the one Hand to which the Peer and the Apprentice bow, count it amongst our own possessions, place it at our own disposal, and it will soon share the fate of all that is ours. A struggle will commence as to who shall own it; as in all struggles, the weakest will be vanquished; and the day that was 'the people's' will speedily become the capitalists' day. Who can name one country in which the Sabbath day is desecrated by either work or amusements, and yet is, in a rational and Christian sense, 'the people's day'?"

MARRYING FOR CONVENIENCE.

Marriages dictated by other considerations than mutual love have always been deprecated by people of sound judgement. We will, of course, be understood to allude to matrimonial arrangements in which wealth, social station, &c., are permitted to have undue weight. Such are justifiably condemned by all good men. Their frequency is a growing evil, whose increase has been favored by the later monetary tendencies of the age, and the false notions which have so generally prevailed in social life.

But, regret this tendency of the age as we may—declaim against it as we may in private life—there will be little or no reform effected until the kings and princes of the earth cease from the example they set in such marriages as that between the Princess Royal of England and the young Prince of Prussia. No one will deny that, for the most part they are got up to strengthen the kingdoms to which the nominally contracting parties belong—that to effect this is a far more controlling consideration than the existence of mutual attachment, or personal fitness in other respects.

As long as such examples are set in high places, marriage will continue to be perverted in lower spheres of life—perverted from the personal and social uses to which God designed it to contribute—robbed of its divine sanction, and made subservient to evil rather than good, to the extent to which such examples may be followed in private life!

FOR THE VICTIMIZED.

There are now in the New York post office over fifteen thousand letters, addressed to the gettersons of the various gift-enterprize, bogus lottery, and other swindling concerns which had been reaping such rich harvests, before Mayor Tieman and Sergeant Berney broke them up. These letters will all be sent to the dead letter office, and the money they contain returned to the owners thereof, in due course of time. Therefore, let not the unfortunate dupes who have sent on their money fret, or write to the Mayor, to us, or to anybody else, to "see about their Vs and Xs," for neither the Mayor, nor we, nor anybody else will do any such thing. Mayor Tieman undertook to return their money to the silly patrons of these swindles, but finding the job too big for him, he gave it up in despair, and hereafter their hopes must rest on the dead-letter office. We learn that, up to last Saturday, 4200 of these letters had been sent to and opened at Washington, and \$20,000 found in them. Although we sympathize with these poor victims, we can but wonder, first, that there should be so many greenhorns in the country, and secondly, that they should be so ready to confess their folly. We should think that a man who had been so silly as to send money to any of these swindlers, would be ashamed to let his neighbors or a stranger know anything about it. But still it is difficult for country people to keep "posted up" in regard to all the ingenious dodges that are set on foot to fleece them by the numerous soundrels who make New York their headquarters.

DULNESS OF THE BOOK-TRADE.

There has been less activity in the book market this season than for many years past, and publishers have become exceedingly shy of issuing new works. The only marked exception to this state of general stagnation in the book-trade is found in the sale of Parton's "Life of Aaron Burr," which has had a brilliant success and is still selling largely. It is not to be wondered at, when it is remembered that "Aaron Burr" is perhaps the most potent name of modern history, so far as the piquing of curiosity is concerned. He has been so constantly written about, and so variously and mercilessly "cut up," that everybody feels a desire to learn who and what he really was, and this wish Mr. Parton's critical and entertaining volume amply gratifies.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

MANY persons think, with Sir Henry Wotton, that they had rather live five Mays than fifty Novembers. But, unfortunately, a short life is not always a merry one, nor is a merry one necessarily short. We must live our appointed term, whether for good or evil, for we cannot sneak out the sweets of life, and then lay it down like a squeezed orange. Throwing it away is not getting rid of it. A merry youth may turn to a mournful old age; we may make a boast of leaving our sins when they desert us, and of having mastered our passions when we have only worn them out; but their ghosts may haunt us in the shape of gout, dropsy, dyspepsia, and other torments, when we are only living to do penance for the excesses of our youth.

A PROFESSIONAL or exclusive club is the most shy, sullen, reserved and unamiable of all institutions. Its union of one class is a separation of all others; the junction of its members is a dismemberment from the general body of citizens; in its very association it is dissocial. It is a cabal, a caste, a clique, a coterie, a junta, a conspiracy, a knot, a pack, a gang; anything, in short, that is close, selfish, disjunctive and inhospitable. If there is, in such narrow fellowship, any single element of sociability, why then the monks, who planted their convent in the desert of the Thebaid, were sociable beings.

It is curious that we pay statesmen or politicians for what they say, not for what they do, and judge of them from what they do, not from what they say. Hence they have one code of maxims for profession, and another for practice, and make up their consciences, as the Neapolitans do their beds, with one set of furniture for show, and another for use.

We cannot altogether approve the practices at Washington City. We observe that the practice of "picking off together" is getting to be almost common among Members of Congress there, as it is between men and women elsewhere.

Those people who turn up their noses at the world, might do well to reflect that it is good a world as they were ever in, and a much better one than they are likely ever to get into again.

A WESTERN politician, in a published speech, prays that at least a piece of the mantle of Henry Clay may fall upon him. We wonder if Mr. Clay's mantle-piece wouldn't answer as well as a piece of his mantle.

A CERTAIN editor, who has had a controversy with us, suggests that he and we look each other in the face. But he would have the advantage of us. He would have much the better prospect.

OSIAN says, "I cried, my fathers, where are they? and echo answered 'Where?' We wonder if echo had an obstruction in her throat, that she couldn't finish the answer.

A NEW ENGLAND writer, inclined to infidelity, says that religion costs the world a vast deal. The want of it would cost the world a vast deal more.

"Why, my dear sir, are you always gazing at the sunsets?" "Just because they are the only golden prospects I ever have before me."

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor. "Yes, but don't know what a difficult task I find it."

The more we know of history, the less shall we esteem the subjects of it. To despise our species is the price we too often pay for our knowledge of it.

Three great apostles of practical atheism that make converts without persecuting, and retain them without preaching, are wealth, health and power.

It is undoubtedly true that some people mistake sympathy for good nature, but it is equally true that many more mistake impertinence for sincerity.

A POPULAR writer says that a fine coat covers a multitude of sins. It is still truer that such coats cover a multitude of sinners.

"Would you rather die by the guillotine or be roasted?" "By the latter; for a hot stake is better than a cold chop."

"The devil is in my luck," said an unfortunate leader to his companion. "More likely he is in your coat and breeches."

EVERY body knows how often he has been a rogue, but a rogue seldom knows how often he has been a fool.

"Bor, how did you manage to get such a big string of fish?" "I hooked them, sir."

A LADY'S hair, like the latest news, is found in the morning papers.

CURRENT ITEMS.

WILLIAM ENNIS, second mate of the ship John J. Boyd, was recently tried in the U. S. Circuit Court in this city, for cruelly beating and causing the death of a lad fifteen years old, who was a hand on board the ship. It appeared in evidence that the poor boy's back was beaten almost to a jelly, and that he died in great agony, and that he had been long subjected to treatment which can only be properly characterized as fiendish. The mate, who is a burly, tall-looking fellow, was found guilty of the punishment of the boy as charged, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and the payment of a fine of \$50.

GREAT excitement has been occasioned in England by the marriage of a beautiful and wealthy young lady to a Turkish gentleman of rank. The lady's parents bitterly opposed the union, and it was with difficulty that a clergyman could be found to perform the marriage ceremony. The Turk publicly abjured the Mohammedan faith before the wedding, but the bride's friends say that was a mere ruse, and that on his return to Constantinople he will make a Mohammedanism of his wife. The clergyman who married them is to be tried for a breach of his sacred office.

In visiting the prison in Canton, the British officers came upon a horrid den, in which some fifteen or twenty prisoners were confined, who were in a state of wretchedness passing description. Three corpses were lying on the filthy ground-floor of the cell, the flesh of whose faces and breasts had been partially eaten away by rats, and piled upon one another, unable to move, were half a dozen sick, mutilated and helpless men in the last throes of starvation.

A widow lady of Cincinnati, who owns a lot in the cemetery, wherein lie a husband and two children, was recently detected in robbing the lot of another widow lady of valuable plants, and transplanting them to her own. A controversy ensued, and the affair has occasioned much talk and scandal.

DOCTOR HAWLE, a new-comer in Dallas county, Texas, was a short time since detected attempting to poison a patient whose wife he had fallen in love with, and was obliged to decamp in order to escape the fury of the sick man's neighbors.

THE courts of this city grant, on an average, about three divorces a week. It is becoming customary, when a couple get tired of living together, for one of them to bring an action for divorce, which the other does not defend, and so the marriage knot is cut by the judicial knife.

SEVERAL persons in Prince George's County, Virginia, were lately seriously ill by eating salt mackerel, which had been for several days kept in a copper kettle, and one of the number, a young lady, died in four days after she had partaken of the fish.

A NEW play is announced in Boston, under the title of "An Editor with \$5,000." An exchange wonders whether he was a government official, had robbed a bank, or been engaged in a "gift enterprise."

MRS. MESKLE, of Frankfort, Ky., lately swore out a warrant for her husband, and, after getting him securely lodged in jail, ran away with a lover named Bridgeford, taking her three children with her.

RICHARD GUNTHER, of Clinton county, in this State, on going to milk a favorite Devonshire cow a short time since, was so severely gored by her, that his life is despaired of.

AN aged couple of Ledyard, Mass., recently celebrated the 70th anniversary of their wedding day. How seldom are a couple permitted thus long to live together.

PEOPLE must be careful how they eat wild parsnips; a young man named William Bean recently died at Amador, Minnesota, from the effects of having eaten them.

A CAPTAIN recently from sea says he spoke five outward bound vessels, on board every one of which daily prayer-meetings were held.

A MAN named John Case recently died in East Fishkill, Dutchess county (N. Y.), aged one hundred years—the oldest person in the State.

tinued, laughingly, "for I have already written to Lady Bell to engage her *protégé* for the first dance with you."

"Is this art, now, or indifference?" thought Mr. Chutnee.

"I had hoped," replied Richard, "for the honor of another partner—yourself."

"I seldom dance," observed the lady; "not that I will refuse you; but you will find plenty of time during the evening to dance with me. I am an old married woman," she continued, with mingled archness and demureness. "You must not compromise your chance of a success by walking your first quadrille with me."

As the fairy-like speaker uttered this, she smiled, and shook the long, magnificent curls which hung half way down her shoulders.

"Decidedly I must get rid of this young man," thought Mr. Chutnee; "his being in the same house is intolerable."

Sanford, the managing clerk, entertained the same desire, and from a similar motive. He was already deeply in love, as he termed it, with the wife of his employer, who, had she been asked, would have felt puzzled to recollect him, so slightly had she noticed him, and the cool, scheming scoundrel felt annoyed at the presence of one who might possibly become a rival under the same roof with him.

It was with considerable satisfaction, therefore, that he heard the husband, that very same day, in the counting-house, ask him whether Mr. Tyrrell had ever spoken to him of setting up an establishment.

"Never, sir," he replied, "neither do I think he has the slightest desire to do so."

The merchant bit his lips.

"And yet he is quite rich enough?"

"Quite!" exclaimed the clerk; "but he appears so happy here."

This was not uttered without intention, and the shot told; the speaker saw the old man writhing beneath its effect.

"Of course," observed Mr. Chutnee, after a pause, "I cannot hint the propriety of his making his abode here more than a temporary affair. It might embroil me with my old friend and correspondent, Carey; but you might hint it to him."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it."

"I do desire it!" replied his employer, emphatically; "but without hinting at me."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Sanford.

"The old fool," muttered the last-named speaker, as soon as he was alone. "Jealous! jealous! but without a cause as yet—though how long it would continue so if this youngster remained, is more than I would venture to speculate upon. His wife is susceptible—she must be, for it is quite out of the question that love was an ingredient in her ill-assorted marriage. Let me see: she is pure even in thought at present; proud and capricious, strangely capricious. If I could only excite the old man's suspicions—lead him to a reconnoissance, a rupture—anger might do the rest. I wonder that he has never suspected me."

The last words betrayed the inordinate vanity and conceit of the man. They were the feelings which led him into expenses he could ill afford, and were the key to his character and designs, for it would be monstrous to suppose that aught like love ever entered into the selfish thing he called his heart.

But if love did not, desire and calculation did. He knew that the merchant on his marriage had settled a considerable portion of his fortune upon his bride, and doubted not but the rest would follow, in the event of her surviving him. Consequently, the death of the husband and the disgrace of the wife could only prove a gain to him.

Acting on the hint he had received, when Richard Tyrrell made his appearance at the counting-house, on the following morning, he began to sound him by asking how he liked Calcutta and the prospects of an Indian life.

"I have seen but little of either yet," was the reply.

"And yet you have dined at the mess of the 01st," observed the clerk.

"O, yes."

"And are invited to the ball at the government house?"

"That is to come."

"True," replied the fellow, cunningly; "and as you remark, you have scarcely had time or an opportunity of forming your opinions yet. But you will have both as soon as you are established."

"How established?"

"In a house of your own. For, of course, you cannot invite your bachelor acquaintances to Mr. Chutnee's; and I would not accept invitations without retreating them."

Our hero began to reflect.

"I previously offered you my services," continued the speaker, "to assist you in your arrangements; permit me to renew them."

"Thank you," said Richard; "but really I feel no desire to change my abode; and as for the society you name, care very little about it. I wonder if I could without offence propose an arrangement that would obviate the necessity of doing so."

"Scarcely," observed the clerk, annoyed by what he considered the consummate coolness of the youth. "Mr. Chutnee, one of the wealthiest merchants in India, does not let lodgings."

"There is no mistaking that hint," thought the clerk.

The young man colored to the temples. Although comparatively ignorant of the world, he was not so simple as to suppose that the speaker would have ventured to speak so plainly without, very likely, a hint from his employer. He felt surprised—slightly hurt, perhaps—that such a proceeding should have been thought necessary; but angry only with himself, at what he considered his want of tact and ignorance of the world.

"You are very kind," he observed, "and I accept your offer; for really I have not the slightest idea of the necessary arrangements."

"Nothing more simple: a house near the artillery ground—two salons, a dining-room, bath and sleeping-rooms—and, let me see, about five or six servants."

"So many!" exclaimed his hearer, with surprise.

"Can't well do with less in India, even a bachelor," observed Mr. Sanford; "first you will require a *khansamah*, or butler, with a couple of *chikidmugars*, to attend at table, and a third to act as valet; a *sirdar*, to attend to the lamps; a *dhutia*, or water-carrier, and a *syce*, or groom, to each horse."

"As for the *sirdar*, to keep accounts—"

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed our hero, laughingly; "I can attend to those myself."

"Close," thought the clerk.

"How soon?" he added, speaking aloud.

"As speedily as possible," replied Richard; "I give you *carte blanche*."

Mr. Chutnee was delighted at the success of his clerk's tact, and congratulated himself upon having got rid, as he imagined, of a dangerous rival—not that rivalry, in the proper sense of the word, can exist between youth and age; the advantages are too much on one side.

It was on the morning of the ball that Richard Tyrrell alluded in the course of conversation to his having taken a house near the artillery-ground, and expressed a hope to the merchant that he would honor it, by accepting an invitation to his first dinner.

Zamora looked terribly disappointed.

"Are you really going to leave us?" she demanded.

"It is impossible, my dear madam," replied the youth, "that I should longer intrude upon your hospitality—a hospitality," he added, "which has been as graceful as kind. I may remain years in India, and shall doubtless make many friends, whom I must in turn receive."

"Could you not receive them here?"

"You overwhelm me—such kindness."

Mr. Chutnee, who secretly applauded himself more than ever for the resolution he had come to, now thought it was time for him to express his surprise and regret, which he did so naturally, that our hero believed him, and began to think he had acted precipitately.

His wife did not believe him.

"Surely," cried the merchant, "a few weeks longer would have made no difference."

Richard bowed.

"How quick you have been about it," observed his host.

"I had Mr. Sanford's assistance."

"And advice, no doubt," remarked his hostess, in a tone of vexation she did not care to conceal.

Mr. Chutnee began to feel uneasy.

"And so you intend to mount an establishment," continued the speaker, after a pause—"be your own master. Perhaps you are right. Liberty of action, freedom from all control, is sweet at every age, but above all at yours."

This last observation was accompanied by a glance at her husband, who already began to repent of his maneuver. He had never heard his wife speak in so decided a tone before.

"Are you fond of horses?" she suddenly demanded, turning to our hero.

Richard modestly admitted that he was exceedingly fond of them.

"And intend to keep them?"

"Certainly."

"I am glad of that," exclaimed Zamora, joyously. "I am passionately fond of riding, too; and now that I shall have a cavalier to escort me, intend to indulge in it. Herbert," she added, "you will see if Colonel Neville has sold the Arab mare I wished you to purchase for me a few days since."

"I thought, my love," observed her husband, deferentially, "that you had given up all idea—"

"I never give up my ideas," interrupted Mrs. Chutnee, coldly; "I only postpone the execution of them."

The gentleman bit his lips in silence.

"Adieu," she said, extending her fair hand to the speaker. "I have my toilette to arrange—a care from which your sex is comparatively free."

Tyrrell took the hint and departed.

For several moments the ill-assorted pair—ill-assorted not only in years, but in disposition, for the lady was open and confiding, as her husband was jealous and suspicious—sat regarding each other in silence.

The merchant was the first to break it.

"You are dissatisfied, Zamora," he observed.

The beauty slightly elevated her shoulders.

"You suspect that I have exerted some influence to induce this young man to quit my house: you suspect me wrongfully?"

He absolutely colored beneath the flash of the pair of sparkling eyes that flashed for the first time indignantly, and somewhat contemptuously upon him.

"Not that I view his departure with regret," added the speaker, with an affectation of candor.

A low, musical laugh repaid him for the confession.

"He is young and I am old."

"I knew that when I married you," replied the fair young creature, "and yet I gave my consent to our union; but I did not know that you were weakly, ridiculously jealous; and I suspected such to have been the case, I would have tolled, begged, starved, ere I pronounced the fatal 'yes'."

"Fatal, Zamora?"

"Is it not, since it has destroyed my peace?"

"Gracious Providence!" murmured the old man, "are my suspicions, then, true? is it possible that you love this youth?"

"I know of no one more likely to win a woman's heart," was the reply.

"A mere boy."

"And yet you are jealous of a boy," retorted his wife, impatiently. "Love him! of course I do, as I love everything that is frank, generous, confiding, and truthful. How can I avoid loving him?—do I not love my flowers, my birds?"

"Better than your husband, I fear."

The tone of regret in which the words were spoken touched the heart of the angry beauty.

"Not better than I did love him till he doubted me. Herbert! Herbert!" she added, passionately, "what must Richard Tyrrell think? that I, one of those butterflies, that flutter round the flame of passion, mistaking the light for love, that I am a creature lightly to be won. You have humbled me."

The repentant husband sank on his knees beside the couch on which as usual the fair mistress was reclining, and earnestly entreated to be forgiven.

"Could you see in my heart?" he exclaimed, "you would pity me; its weakness arises from the bitter sense of my own unworthiness of such perfection, the discrepancy of an age. I love you, Zamora, not with the boyish feelings of inconstant youth, but with the strong love of age; life has no hope in which you are not centered. You are my dream, my happiness," he added; "and like the miser I am jealous of my treasure."

"And like the miser would doubtless keep me under lock and key," observed the lady, not in the slightest degree moved by his heroics. "No, Herbert, that will never do. Little as I care for liberty, deprive me of it, and I should pine for fresh air; my affections are only to be won by frank and open confidence,—suspicion withers them."

Mr. Chutnee vowed that he would never permit his suspicions to get the better of his judgment again, nay, even went so far as to propose requesting Richard to remain with them.

Zamora listened to him with a melancholy smile, and shook her head.

"Too late," she said, "too late, the mischief is already done. Our acquaintance will be surprised at his quitting us, at a want of hospitality so unusual in India; will talk, as they love to talk, for evil tongues are active in everything. Richard will hear these hints; and at last believe, perhaps, that he had only to woo and win me."

The excited creature colored as she spoke, and her eyes, usually half-closed and dreamy, flashed with an expression her husband had never before observed.

"He does not think so!" he exclaimed. "Should a word or look betray his thought, old as I am, I—"

"Shame!" again interrupted his wife; "it is you who merit the punishment, and not Tyrrell. What does he know of the world?"

"Not much, fair mistress," answered Mr. Chutnee, smiling.

"I can read your smile," observed his wife, "or I either, you would say; but you are wrong, Herbert, very wrong. An instant will sometimes serve to change the girl into the woman; and such a change has thus taken place in me—wounded pride has wrought it."

The culprit once more sued for pardon; and this time pleaded his cause so eloquently that the justly offended lady relented.

"On one condition," she replied.

"Name, oh! name it! even though it should be to command me to request him to remain beneath my roof."

"It is now my wish he should depart from it."

Mr. Chutnee felt considerably relieved, and again entreated her to name the terms on which his forgiveness was to be sealed.

"That you do not accompany me to the ball to-night."

He started from his knees as if a serpent had stung him.

"And let you accompany Mr. Tyrrell?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Alone," repeated Mrs. Chutnee, emphatically.

"Never!" exclaimed her husband, passionately; "my heart would consume in its own fires."

"Unholy ones, I fear," was the reply.

"Be generous," he continued, without heeding the observation. "Why torture me uselessly—why ask what it is impossible I should grant?"

"I knew it was impossible," replied Zamora, mournfully, "for it implies your confidence, and that I now perceive it is not in your nature to bestow. Your refusal has shown me clearly the future which lies before me. Remember," she added, "the choice has been yours, not mine."

"What would the world say?" demanded her husband, hesitatingly.

"You have already given it occasion to speak lightly of me."

"What would Tyrrell himself think?"

"You have already given him the right to think lightly of me."

"What would you say yourself?"

Zamora drew herself up to her full length, and looked like a reproving angel, as the words which followed broke impetuously from her lips.

"I should say," she replied, "my husband is a man who has nobly redeemed his error; that if passion blinded his judgment for an instant, reason has restored it to its healthy tone; and if a thought, an unworthy thought, of another could gain entrance to my heart, the recollection of his conquest, his moral triumph would chase it from me."

"Go to the ball alone," exclaimed Mr. Chutnee, yielding to the conviction of her sincerity and truth. "Do with me as you will. I were a fool to doubt you."

With these words he left the room.

Scarcely had he disappeared than Zamora clasped her hands and laughed like a spoiled child; and yet it was no part, no studied scene she had enacted; but truthful, every word of it truthful, as her own pure nature. She wished to love her husband; but felt, young as she was, that unless she could respect him all her desire to do so would be vain; and she rejoiced as the bird rejoices that has escaped a snare.

There was a buzz of admiration when the merchant's beautiful wife entered the ball-room at the residence, leaning on the arm of Richard Tyrrell; the good-natured wonder where Mr. Chutnee, whose jealousy was so well known, could be: some applauded him for his confidence, others pitied him for the same cause.

"Pooh!" observed Dawlish, in reply to a remark from one of his brother officers; "he is only a boy."

"Such boys are sometimes dangerous," was the answer.

Having paid her compliments to the Governor-General, Zamora proceeded at once—for in the present instance it was the lady who acted as *chaperone*—to the spot where Lady Bell, surrounded by her usual bevy of beaux, was seated, and presented her young companion.

"Sir Charles speaks so highly of you," said her ladyship, in answer to our hero's compliment, "that I shall feel delighted to include you in my list of friends. Where is your husband, my love?"

She added, turning to Zamora.

"At his books and accounts," replied the lady; "at least I suppose so, for he positively declined to accompany me."

This was uttered aloud, so that every one might hear it. Lady Bell repressed her inclination to smile; she knew positively that there must be some little mystery concealed beneath her words.

At this instant the music was renewed, and she observed that it would be wicked to detain her from the dance.

"I shall not dance to-night," was the reply; "in fact, I should not have been here but for the pleasure of introducing my young friend, Mr. Tyrrell, to your ladyship. You received my note?"

"Yes."

"And the reply?"

"Lillian must answer for herself. Here she comes."

If our hero had previously been struck by the beauty of his charming, though somewhat eccentric hostess, he was completely overwhelmed by the extreme loveliness of the tall yet girlish being who approached, leaning upon the arm of Sir Charles Fourreau, who both looked and felt proud of his fair charge. The orphan was now in her sixteenth year, the bud of promise opening to a flower, whose half unfolded leaves gave tokens of the perfections they would display when time had fully expanded them. It was not that the features were so faultless, and the expression of deep sensibility that marked them, an alternation of light and shade which played over them.

For the first time in his life the heart of Richard felt the spell of beauty, and we all know how delicious are the sensations it inspires.

Lady Bell presented him as the gentleman for whom Mrs. Chutnee had solicited her hand in the dance.

Lillian gave it with a smile.

As he was about leading her to the dancers, Dawlish came up, and requested to be honored for the next set.

"I am engaged already," replied the fair girl, coldly.

The gentleman both looked and felt annoyed.

"For the succeeding one?" he added.

Lillian bowed in acquiescence; there was something in her air which convinced her partner she felt no inclination to dance with him.

"Too late!" observed one of Dawlish's brother officers, who enjoyed his mortification; "engaged."

"To a mere boy, too," added another, repeating the captain's words, when our hero and Mrs. Chutnee entered the ball-room.

"Such boys are sometimes dangerous."

It was the second time the observation had been made. Dawlish started, and turning, beheld in the speaker Fred Wharton, whom he had already conceived a violent dislike to. He stared the young man full in the face, trusting that his reputation as

a shot and superior rank in the regiment might awe him. To his astonishment, it was met by a glance cold and still more haughty than his own.

"I must give that fellow a lesson," he muttered to himself.

Strange to say, a similar thought was passing through the brain of the corner.

Several times during the evening Richard Tyrrell had the happiness of dancing with Lillian. If the charms of her person had excited his admiration, he was still more captivated by those of her mind. Never had he met or conceived greater purity of thought and expression—not an unkind word or ungenerous observation upon any of the rival beauties in the room. Of Sir Charles and Lady Bell she spoke in terms of the deepest gratitude and affection.

When he engaged her hand for the last time, it was with a lingering regret that the evening was over; and he requested permission of her ladyship to call and inquire after her health on the following morning.

"Come when you will," was the gracious reply; "we shall always be happy to receive you."

Mrs. Chutnee, who had adhered to her resolution of not dancing, took his arm, and he escorted her to her carriage. During the dancing she had related the conversation which had taken place between herself and her husband on the subject of our hero.

"You have acted rightly," was the observation of her ladyship. "Jealousy is a monster that ought to be strangled in the cradle. If there is one thing I love Sir Charles for more than another, it is the unbounded confidence he places in me. I know that men in their selfishness call it love, but it is an error. You punished your husband very rightly, my love."

With these words Zamora and her cavalier returned home. Mr. Chutnee received his wife with a burst of confidence and kindness so unusual that the lady felt quite surprised.

"Thanks," he exclaimed, "a thousand thanks. You have cured me of my folly. You did not dance once."

"How unhappy you that?"

The unhappy man had sent a friend to watch.

"You have acted unmanly, Herbert," added the lady, coldly, as she retired to her apartment. "The proof of confidence has yet to be given."

The jealous husband turned aside and cursed himself for his folly.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

EVER CHANGING.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

What are life's joys?—Are they not shadowy vapors, Which come, then vanish from our longing sight? What are life's hopes?—Fair tints of rainbow colors, Gliding our thorny path with an uncertain light. False is that light it shines but to betray, For when we heed it most does it not pass away!

Fair are Spring's blossoms, fair, yet oh how frail We gather them—they wither, droop and die; Summer's bright, blushing roses bend their heads, And fade beneath the Autumn's chilling sigh. Onward we go—while all around we see The blight of change—how sad is its decree!

The locks we prize—we grieve to see them alter, From glossy brown to white or silvery gray; We mourn when eyes grow dim, and voices falter, Which gently cheered us on our lonely way. Ah! one thing cannot change—'tis pure, undying Love; If lost to us on earth, 'tis found in realms above.

UNCLE JOE IN COURT.

BY COL. DENLAP.

Joe Bassett was a queer genius—"Uncle Joe" everybody called him—and, though possessing but very few of the goods of this world, yet he was one of the most useful men in town. If anyone wanted an odd job done, he was the man to do it. In short, he was a sort of universal "Man Friday," and for a consideration he would perform any work which might be called for. He was a happy old fellow; as full of fun as an egg is full of meat, and he could crack some very hard jokes without hurting anybody. He owned a little hut over back of the village, to which was attached a few acres of good land; and beside this he had a cow, and some other items of stock. He lived quite comfortably, and the impression had gone abroad that he had managed to lay up some money.

Capt. Daniel Lober, who had recently settled in the town, owned a fine piece of land adjoining Uncle Joe's lot, and he was not long in making himself very disagreeable to our good Man Friday. He was a proud, selfish person, and a little mean withal. Uncle Joe had some geese and they ran upon Lober's land; upon which the indignant captain threatened to shoot them if he caught them there again.

"Ef' ye'd make yer fence tighter my geese wouldn't get through," meekly suggested poor Joe.

"My fence is as tight as the law requires," answered the doughty captain; and with this he walked away.

So Uncle Joe had to go to work and tighten the fence, and put larger yokes upon his geese.

Lober's next move was against Joe's hens. He swore that he would shoot them if they were not kept out of his lot. Joe built a hen-house, and placed his feathered bipeds therein; but it was a sore trial to him, and people sympathized with him, though they could not help him.

One season Capt. Lober plowed up his land—some ten acres of it—and sowed it with wheat. The grain came on finely, and the owner used to take men out there to show them his field. It was acknowledged to be the best piece of wheat in town. But the captain was destined to a piece of ill-fortune which he had not thought of. This land was at some distance from his dwelling, and when busy at other points a week or two might pass without his visiting it. One afternoon he came to see his wheat, and when he reached the edge of the field he stood aghast at the sight which met his gaze. The tall, stout grain was trodden and trampled down over half of the lot, presenting a scene of havoc and destruction truly horrible to behold. And the astounded owner was at no loss to account for the desolation, for near the centre of the lot he saw a horse. It was a jaunt, heavily-built animal, of a dingy white color; and though evidently well stricken with years, yet he capered and frisked about with marvelous spirit—now cropping a few of the well-filled wheat-heads, and anon trampling away upon the devoted grain, as though he were treading the wine-vat.

I should not dare to tell all the oaths which Capt. Lober then and there poured forth; but they were terrible ones, and the white foam stood upon his lips as he raved. As soon as he could collect his thoughts, he started for Uncle Joe's. He knew that Joe must have seen the horse in there—for the animal could not have been less than three or four

INSPIRATIONS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

These are the inspirations and the lights
That lead us on and upward evermore—
We hear sweet voices far in purple night
Call from a starry shore—
Ho! Workers of the harvest of the truth!
Sow the world's wilderness with wholesome grain!
Plant the waste places with perennial truth,
The labor is not vain!

Be brave, be patient, break life's stubborn soil—
God's angel holds thee with a steadfast hand;
The purple foliage of your generous toil
Shall glorify the land.

Be brave, be noble, planting among thorns
The future harvest of the nation's rights;
For lo! the fiery pillars of the morn
Rest on the sunken nights!

MIRIAM.

A DARK PAGE IN LIFE'S HISTORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

I never knew, until that last farewell was spoken, how deep, and strong, and reliant had been my attachment to Basil Thorn. And even then the custom of wifely duty, that had survived the dead love of early wedded days, never moved aside to let the shadow of that knowledge fall upon me. I knew only that I was very sad, that a great weariness suddenly oppressed me; that my long habit of patient, silent, strong endurance seemed all disturbed and broken up; and that life had never, never looked so fearfully dreary, so unutterably long, as when I gazed out upon it during the days that followed Basil's departure.

Over and over again I repeated Basil's parting words, and when my lips were still, they yet seemed sounding in my ear a sweetly, mournful monotone. Yet they were only those common words, and by no means bearing, as I told myself, any unusual significance.

"Farewell, Miriam, best, and best-loved friend! We shall meet again where both can be truly happy. Nay, doubt not, Miriam, the future that now lies shrouded in mystery, when we reach it, shall rejoice in the sunlight of peace."

He went away, leaving me these words as a legacy—prophetic words, cheering words, also; yet undeniably words that disturbed a life that faith and a disciplined will had made quiet, if not harmonious.

By this you will see, my friend, that I had suffered; that I was not happy even before this violent wrench parted me from a long-tried friend. But I had often before said, in silent boasting, that I had become inured to suffering; that I could, because I would, and because He who sent it knew far better than I, bear all that it pleased my Heavenly Father, for the wise purposes of His will to inflict upon me, without any useless murmuring. I knew not then how instinctively and unconsciously I had relied on the presence of Basil Thorn for comfort; how the very fact that he was near me—a true friend who made no professions—had enabled me to bear silently and strongly the miseries of my life.

The lives of myself and husband lay widely apart. We were married, but were not made one. And every year proved more plainly how impossible it was that ever we should fulfill all the divine harmonies of the divinely appointed relation.

I had not accepted the bitter lesson taught me by the years of my married life, without many a weary struggle. It was hard to believe that life had no compensations for its actual and unavoidable sufferings, and that the path along which my feet must tread, lay always in shadow, often in deep gloom. But I did believe it now, and had long ceased to shrink from the truth that once vibrated painfully along all the chords of my being.

I was but seventeen when I left my father's house and went out among strangers, into the unknown world that lay beyond the dear home that had sheltered my infancy, and all my peaceful, innocent girlhood. But it seemed a fairy world to me, and I had peopled it with the brightest visions. I felt neither doubt nor fear, as I stepped, for the last time, over the familiar threshold. I turned from the pressure of my father's hand; from the caresses of my little sisters; from the clasping of my mother's arms, not without sadness, it is true, and deep sadness, but hope lent cheerfulness, and love pictured future joys; and with my hand in his who had just promised me a husband's protecting care and love, I went, undismayed, to my new life.

We came to L. That was to be our home. Caspar had prepared a lovely, tiny cottage for my reception—"a fit nest for his sweet singing bird," he whispered, as he led me over its threshold.

Oh, how happily the days passed in that fairy cot. I was a singing-bird then, and all the day, when my husband left me to attend to his business, I sang at my work in the pleasant room, or in the shady garden walks.

Ah, yes! We were very happy then—we twain that should have been one. I was selfishly happy, too, for I could bear no intrusion upon the charmed life we were living, and was almost indignant and quite grieved when Caspar proposed that Basil Thorn should come to reside with us.

I had never seen Basil, but I knew that he was a studious, thoughtful boy, whom Caspar had taken into his office, as an assistant in such duties as he could perform. I knew, also, that he was the son of one who had rendered Caspar some important service, in his early days, and that by helping on the lad's education my husband hoped to repay, in part, this obligation.

I felt interested in the lad from all I had heard of him; but I was unaccustomed to boys—there were none in my father's house; and to have this "great boy," as I petulantly called him, a perpetual third person in those enchanted evening hours, at our tiny table, where all the food seemed enchanted also, and to do no more towards sustaining life than the caresses and loving words that accompanied it, sweeter than music at the feasts of princes, was almost more than I could bear.

But anticipation for once was worse than the reality. I did not object to receiving Basil Thorn, and he came. He had but recently lost his mother, and his sadness, the desolation of his young life, that I could only mutely contemplate, not understand, moved me to the tenderest pity.

He was a gentle, quiet boy, never boisterous, never intrusive. He had loved his dead mother passionately; when she died he was utterly alone. It is, perhaps, not strange that he should have at once attached himself to me, with an affection that seemed in part to be a transfer of that which had belonged to her who was lost to him forever.

Yet the sentiment with which he regarded me could not be filial, for his age too nearly corresponded with my own. Indeed, he was a few months my senior, though I was a young matron, with matronly dignities and matronly duties resting, though lightly, upon my young shoulders, and he only a half-grown lad of seventeen. I believe he loved me as an elder sister, for I seemed

much older than he, then, and there was something of the tender reverence with which his excellent mother had inspired him mingled with his affection.

I soon became quite contented with Basil; his presence I found far from disagreeable, and his society, at times, very pleasant, for my husband was often absent, and but for this dear boy I should have been alone with servants.

But if I prized this new inmate of my happy home then, how much more dearly did I prize him in the dark days that too speedily followed. But for his delicate, but steadfast kindness, I do not know how I should have borne all. To know that there was one who loved and cared for me was a great boon. It was the one gleam of sunlight that ever pierced the clouds that darkened over me. It was the one joy that enabled me to bear, without one bitter cry of pain, through all those years, the knowledge of my fatal mistake, and its consequences.

I would not speak harshly of the dead, even in truthfulness. He who made my days so wretched, who bartered away the happiness of two lives has long since gone to his account. I will not drag his faults before the public gaze, nor detail his slow but sure progress toward ruin, or the annihilation in my heart of all affection for one who never could have truly loved me. Thousands of my sex have borne all that I bore, have seen every hope extinguished, every blossom of affection crushed, and have known, like me, what it is to mistake one's destiny, to love unwisely, and trust, and be deceived. Thousands have dragged out all their lives in the thrall of hateful marriage bonds, from which they saw no way of escape. They will know all I suffered, and need no description. And to the ears of the happy no such tale should be unfolded. I would not shadow any life with the knowledge of such wrongs as mine.

But enough has been written here to explain why I felt so greatly the loss of Basil Thorn. Until his first letter reached me, I had thought, in my desolation, that not even the knowledge of his existence and the friendship that was strong and enduring as his life, afforded me any comfort, so long as he was not with me. When he wrote, when I read those cheerful, hopeful words, I felt how, mightier than time or space, such a friendship was enduring as the eternities, and that its influence for blessing was evermore around me.

I was no longer lonely after that letter reached me, though I was exposed to many wrongs and insults, from which the presence of Basil Thorn in my home had protected me. For Caspar Esling, even when he had reached the climax of his baseness, was restrained by the disapproval of this excellent young man, from overt acts of personal wrong to myself. Now he had no such restraint. He knew that, save my aged and invalid father, there was not one who was able to protect me. So rapidly he trod the path of perdition.

He had miscalculated, however, the ability of my friends to aid me, and my own powers of endurance. When he at length made his home no longer a proper shelter for me, or one where I could remain without the sacrifice of womanly dignity, as well as wifely rights, I wrote to my father, asking to be received once more beneath his roof.

This letter my excellent parent answered in person. Indignation and sorrow had lent him strength. He came at once, prepared to take me with him, on his return, to the arms of my mother and the embraces of my sisters.

Caspar was absent when he came, and thus a collision was avoided. I took with me only a few necessities, and, in a few hours, was traveling with my father toward the home of my childhood.

I desired nothing so much as to remain quietly in this pleasant retreat. But Caspar did not so will. Every argument and persuasion were used by him to induce me to return, and at length my father found himself pitted against his unworthy son-in-law, as having unlawfully restrained his wife from returning to her husband's house.

My entreaties no longer prevailed. The paternal wrath was aroused, and it could slumber no more. Overwhelmed by all that I had suffered, now that the necessity of farther endurance no longer provided me with the stimulus of passive resistance, I no longer had power to oppose my father's stronger will. A consent was won from me, and a mechanical performance of the necessary legal preliminaries on my part.

I can hardly say I waited the result, for, in the state into which I had fallen, I was conscious of all of an utter indifference to all that could befall me. Only the letters of Basil Thorn, at this period, had power to rouse me from the morbid conditions to which I had yielded. I wearied even of the affectionate solicitude and kindness of my friends, and withdrew ever more and more into solitude. But for Basil my life would have been utterly devoid of interest at this time. We had intensely changed places. Once he had looked up to me for strength, and comfort, and instruction, as to an elder sister, now I leaned upon him as the brother of my soul, reposing in entire trust upon his strong and lofty nature.

At length all was over. The legal forms of marriage no longer bound me to the man who long before had ceased to be my husband before God. I had married him while laboring under a delusion of his own creation—married the ideal of my dreams and hopes, of which he counterfeited the semblance for a little time, only to throw off the mask afterwards, and appear in the real hideousness, the moral deformity that clothed him like a garment. I was free at last, but as indifferent to that as untouched by the heartfelt congratulations of my friends, as by everything else that now occurred in my monotonous life.

In this way passed several years. I remember nothing that marked their lapse, save the letters of Basil Thorn. He was still toiling in the far-off El Dorado, winning fame and fortune, as I was roused to an interest in life by the tone of vital cheerfulness which characterized his letters, the magnetism of his brave, strong heart. But even this effect was temporary, and I speedily relapsed into my monotonous round of mechanical employments, only to be stirred again into some voluntary interest in my kind by the next letter.

But this state could not always continue. Affections that could not be passively endured fell upon me. One of my young sisters married—married a missionary—and we saw her go forth from our quiet home to return not again. The farewell was forever, for she went to brave a climate under whose withering influences the strongest soon sank, and all the trials and toils of the life she had chosen—too great, we all felt, for her delicate frame. We spoke our farewells as to the dying, knowing that we were looking our last upon the sweet young face.

Then the younger sickened. They were twins, with but a few hours of life between them, and the mysterious link that had bound them had been too rudely sundered. Alma sickened and long before Althea had reached her far off destination, we laid her in the grave.

"Misfortunes come not single spies." Presently

my mother's step grew feeble, and her pale face more wan. Then she laid down upon her bed to rise no more. "The silver chord was loosened, the bowl broken at the fountain," and there was another grave upon the hillside, another in our longing hearts.

I was left alone with my aged, grief-bowed father. It was very pitiful to see the old man, thus bereft of all he had loved, and clinging to me who, not long ago, had sought from him the protection his own feebleness now demanded.

It was very good for me, this necessity for exertion, this demand for sympathy. I was borne out of myself. For the first time in years I forgot my own sorrows, and ceased to think that I alone, of all the world, was miserable. Bereft of all the dear household friends, save my father, who soon I knew must follow those whom we laid in the family burial place, I yet was less unhappy than I had been in the years past. I had something to live for, a human sympathy, a human work to perform.

Even when my father died, and I was left utterly alone, I did not relapse into the old morbid conditions. The spirit I had thought crushed was elastic. The rebound caused by these great afflictions had saved me. Only one sorrow tugged at my heart strings, the accounts of the swift career of crime and ruin that he was running whom once I had called husband. I had never hated him, now I no longer even felt indifference. An infinite pity, tender and sad, like that of a sister for a lost brother, filled my soul, whenever I thought, or heard, of him. I would fain have stretched forth my hand to save him, but knew not how to reach a life that lay so distant from my own, and divided from it by such stern barriers.

At this time wrote Basil Thorn a letter that stirred the very fountains of my being—a letter which destroyed at once the fond illusions of his fraternal affection, and showed me how, in this great and strong heart, I had long been enshrined with another love than that which had blessed my life.

"Since ever you were free," wrote Basil, "this passion has asserted itself. But until I learned that you were left utterly alone, by the terrible series of afflictions which have desolated your home, I dared not speak. Now, if you, who, since my mother left me, have been my dearest earthly friend, whom, loving once with boyish adoration, I have now come to love with the ardent passion of my native manhood, will but accept the protection I offer you, will not turn from me, but give me still the place in your heart I have so long held, if you can give no more, I shall hold myself the happiest man in all the world. My life's guardian angel will be evermore by my side. But tell me, with all frankness, Miriam, all you feel. I shall not murmur at any decision you may make. And if now, or hereafter, you but write me 'Come,' that single word, reaching me at the Antipodes, shall lure me homeward, like the bird to its nest, to find my sole peace and joy in your love."

A new light flooded my soul. I knew in that hour that I loved and was beloved. I knew that I loved not with the romantic adoration that in girlhood I had bestowed upon my ideal, but with the strong, unwavering, but not unreasoning, love of my native womanhood.

Yet I dared not call to me the protection of that love. Not while he lived whom once I had called husband, though the bond that united us had been canceled by God and man, could I call another by that name. So, with many tears, and terrible struggles, with my longings once more to hear the beloved voice, and look into the beloved eyes, I wrote, telling Basil all I felt, and when I sealed the letter, believed I sealed my fate.

Scarcely, however, had this letter departed towards its destination, than I learned that I was free, even from the bond that my fancy had created. Caspar Esling had met his fate at last—the violent man had perished by violence, gone, with all the sins of his very sinful life, to Him who judgeth all.

Then, by the next mail, for I would do no such violence to either heart to wait longer, and scorned the semblance of external grief for one whom I did not mourn, I wrote to Basil that one word which was to bring him home to me and love—"Come." When it was sent I sat down to wait as patiently as I might, for the slow passing of the months that must elapse ere he could reach me.

At last, after a weary lapse of time, came a letter. He was coming. Almost as soon as his letter he would be with me. How impatiently I counted the days, the hours, even the minutes, that dragged themselves along like slow eternities!

Oh, friend, would that my record might pause here! Or would that, in the darkness of my life, one brief gleam of the heart's sunlight might irradiate the gloom! How shall I write here what followed?

Basil Thorn never came home! Somewhere in the depths of the great Pacific his body waits the resurrection morn. His spirit seems ever to walk by my side, and prophesy of that meeting that surely will come at last, where there will be no death, no parting, no sin, no sorrow, but where we shall dwell forevermore in peace, and light, and love.

There, perchance, we shall solve the great mystery of our sundred lives, there we shall learn that He who orders all things, is far wiser than we. I have learned the surest lesson of contentment. I no longer passively endure, nor look with indifference on my afflictions, nor madly, as in the first days of this last terrible bereavement, defy fate. I wait—wait calmly, filling all my days with pleasant occupations, seeking ever to bind up breaking hearts, to soothe human woes, to point to heavenly consolations. So, knowing well it is not for long, I wait all my appointed time, with patience and faith!

A STRANGE STORY.

THE FAKIR BURIED AND YET LIVING.

There is a man, a very strange man, among the Sikhs of India, a Fakir or Fakueer too, one who gains his livelihood by putting on the appearance of death, and suffering himself to be buried for three, six, or twelve months, according to the agreement and compact he enters into with his employers. This man, far from being misadvised in these parts, or being treated as a mountebank, is held in extraordinary respect and veneration by the Sikh people. The stories that are told of this man are truly wonderful, and try to sift the matter how you will, the marvel only increases. Both natives and Europeans are alike perplexed; every one in the East has heard of his extraordinary powers; every means that the skeptical could employ has been tried to detect the imposture which has been suspected; but still his credit remains unshaken to the last. One of those who have witnessed his prodigious feat, is Captain Wade, the political agent at Loodianah, who stood by when he was disinterred after a burial of ten consecutive months, and his body seemed then, as it had seemed at first, to be in a state of suspended animation.

In England, it was thought a most wonderful thing, and very justly, when, a dozen years ago, a young Irishman allowed himself to be locked up in a chamber for three weeks, and seals to be placed on the door and window, and agreed to stay there

in that confinement without meat or drink. This feat, as far as could be seen, he did perform, according to the attestation of several medical gentlemen, writers for the newspapers and others.

But look at the difference. In the case of this Indian, instead of confinement in a spacious room the body is put into a bag; the bag is tied up and sealed with several seals by men of the highest credit and distinction. Then it is put into a box, and the seals are again applied to that box. This, one would suppose, was test enough in all conscience. Not at all! The box is put into a stone grave or vault, then over that stone vault the earth is completely thrown, and grain is sown in the very soil which covers the living body of this bold and marvellous experimentalist.

Reader, do you marvel? what think you of this? If this be really a cunning man, who fences with the sharp eyes and looks and thoughts of five millions of people, and does this for fifteen or twenty years without being caught tripping, it cannot be denied he does his feat in a very workmanlike way. Buried for twelve months under ground with corn growing over his body! How is he to enter into collusion with his confederates in the trick, if trick there be? Men of the highest rank, doubtful of his powers, and among these the celebrated Runjeet Sing, have seen him buried at the commencement, and have afterwards been present, when the body was taken up after a suspended animation of twelve months' continuance. As far as all human observation could go, that extraordinary man had lived without food, without drink, without air for the space of one entire year, and there he was at the end of this singular experiment alive again and hearty.

This wonderful man is now about forty-five years old, and enjoys all the ruddy health that a vigorous body and a sound constitution can bestow.

He is always ready to repeat his surprising performances—in fact he lives by them. He gains his bread by living under ground in a close grave.

He says that during the time he lies thus in a state of suspended animation, he has the most beautiful dreams that can be conceived. These dreams are not like those of ordinary men, but they are long, durable, continuous, full of incident and ramified intrigue, like a well-written romance of many goodly volumes. But these beautiful dreams are never completed, and brought to a close, because he is in the very midst of them when the term of his probation comes, and the earth is opened to restore him to the world. He does not regret the time he loses by these interments, for the fictions of his teeming brain which passes through his fancy, have to him a far greater charm than real life. One day when the great Runjeet Sing with his favorite minister, and the several grandees of the Maharajah's court, were conversing with him upon the subject of these extraordinary dreams, and trying to form some idea of a thing so marvelous, he described it very happily by comparing it to one of those fits of musing, which every one has at times, when the mind in full vigor indulges in the flow of its inventions, and which are so agreeable to the patient, that the most amiable and the kindest men are ready to curse the officious friend who rouses them from so agreeable a state of half suspended consciousness.

When the Fakir is taken up after burial, no pulsation can be felt: at once the heart, the wrist, and the temple are still; there is no breathing; the body is not cold as a corpse would be, but it is cooler than that of other living men, except over the seat of the brain, which is feverishly hot and burning. All the secretions are fully stopped, the nails have ceased to grow, so have the hair and beard. He feels great dizziness at first, and for a few hours cannot stand up without support, and for several days he continues to experience the sensation of a man in a swing, or of one just landed after a long voyage. But gradually he recovers his health and good spirits, and enjoys amazingly the wonder and admiration he has excited.

The Sikhs look upon this man as a superior being, gifted with a supernatural faculty, and they take great pride in his powers of bodily endurance. After the disinterment they always exhibit the greatest joy, and celebrate the occasion by the discharge of guns and letting off fireworks.

The Rajahs and Sardars and other men of state load him with presents. They do not distrust him as we should do, but rather glory in him as a specimen of the miraculous, vouchsafed to their own privileged country. He is said to be very rich, and is the only rich man among the Sikhs who would dare to be so long away from court for fear of his place being filled up during his absence. He is also the only one who does not suffer the malevolent detriment of slander and calumny when out of view; for as his peculiar merit does not interfere with the progress of other men, they leave him unmolested in his glory.

WHEN WILL HE COME?

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Why, if you are any way in awe of him, and particularly wish to impress him favorably, and if, for that purpose, you have laid yourself out rather extensively to have all things in apple-pie order, and your own self "arranged" to a nicety, he would come then. If you have an urgent reason for wishing to see him at a particular time, he would come then. If you love him, and desire to be in a lovely mood when you meet him, when that mood comes upon you, he won't come then.

If you sit down some time feeling lonely, having finished up everything that you desired to do at that time, and knowing that now, for a few hours, you are to be at full liberty to enjoy the society of a friend, and if your thoughts go longingly out to seek for him, and to draw him to you, call them in—"tis a bootless quest; he won't come then."

If you resolutely shut yourself up, day after day, refusing all invitations to all sorts of entertainments and pleasures, from a feeling that you should die if you missed seeing him when he did come—don't hope to gain anything by your imprisonment, for he won't come while it lasts.

But just you go out once, if you want to bring him. Stay at home from everywhere you want to go to until you get desperate, and finally start off for some place or performance that you don't care a rap for ever seeing, and while your footsteps are yet fresh upon the threshold, he'll come. Oh, yes; he'll call then; or else he'll take an opportunity equally eligible. Say a day when you have turned all there is in your house upside down; when washing is going on; when the parlor windows are staring stupidly upon the evidences of last night's late company; when the ashes are on the hearth, and the dust on the tables and chairs; when the servants have wet dresses and smutty faces; when the children have violent colds in their heads, grievous holes in their shoes and stockings, and faces forlorn with dirt; and when you yourself are powdered with dust, and darkened with indigestion and weariness at being in such a "stew;" and when—if he is a person you want to welcome with a kiss—your lips are covered with cold sores, he will

certainly appear. Yes, yes, unfortunate; the long-waited-for will be sure to come then. And when you would not be pleased to see Gabriel himself, this man (or it may be this woman—for it's all the same thing) will present himself smilingly at your door. And, of course, he can't call again for—oh, nobody knows how long; and he's rather in a hurry then, and tells you so about the first thing he says; thus adding to the probability that you'll be able to collect your distracted thoughts and senses sufficiently to say—well, not one thing that you most wanted to say to him—you give up in despair, and all that long and pleasant conversation that you had so many times imagined, the interesting suggestions, the confidential relations and exchanges of thought and feeling, fall through, and all which that visit yields amounts to a few commonplace questions and answers.

This is an "often" experience; and is about as soothing to the feelings as are Spanish flies, and as agreeable and satisfactory to one's mind as are Sodom's apples to the taste.

Eminent does it stand among the many, many proofs of the contrivance of Fate.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is cruel as the grave—not the grave that opens its deep bosom to receive, and shelter from further storms, the worn and forlorn pilgrim who "rejoices exceedingly and is glad" when he can find its repose; but cruel as the grave is when it yawns and swallows down from the lap of luxury, from the summit of fame, from the bosom of love, the desire of many eyes and hearts. Jealousy is a two-headed asp, biting backwards and forwards. Among the deadly things upon the earth, or in the sea, or flying through the deadly night air of malarious regions, few are more noxious than is jealousy. And of all mad passions there is not one that has a vision more distorted, or a more unreasonable fury. To the jealous eye white looks black, yellow looks green, and the very sunshine turns deadly lurid. There is no innocence, no justice, no generosity, that is not touched with suspicion, save just the jealous person's own.

And jealousy is an utter folly; for it helps nothing and saves nothing. If your friend's love is going, or gone, to another, will your making yourself hateful and vindictive stay it or bring it back? If it is not leaving you, is there no risk in rendering yourself so unlovely?

Commend me to all bereaved hearts rather than to a jealous person, especially a jealous woman. There is neither reason nor mercy in her when once thoroughly struck through with this fearful passion.

She renders herself altogether repulsive by it—an object more of dread than affection to those who have loved her best. And if she regain not her self-command, and return not to her senses, she frequently destroys utterly the attachments she most has prized.

Her friend may indeed refuse to forsake her; but it will be duty that bids him stay, and never will be able to forget what an abject thing she has once appeared.

But let not any too rigorously judge the conduct of a jealous woman or a jealous man. Remember that the mania suffers. To be sure, the suffering is from selfishness; often it is without a shadow of a cause, but still it is suffering, and it is intense. Pity it—bear with it. You may yourself fall into temptation. It is a sore curse, a more certain and fatal blight to the heart on which it seizes than it can be to those against whom its spite is hurled. Then, while none should bend too far to the whims of jealousy, all should be patient with its victims; and also should be watchful and careful that it enter not their own heart.

QUACKS.

Out, ye impostors!

Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks—your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

KEEP COOL.

We are one of those who love a joyful face. If there is anything of which we may be prodigal, without cost or prejudice to ourselves, but with a great deal of benefit to others, it is our smiles. Smiles are contagious, and so are their opposites, gloomy and unpleasant looks. Reader, do try and carry a cheerful face. What if your path be beset with perplexities—don't fret. There's no use in fretting, though you are in debt, and business is dull, and the banks won't discount, and your friends can't lend. Getting vexed with yourself and everybody else won't help the matter—no, not a bit. You may fret yourself into fiddle-strings, but you will only make yourself wretched—not cure the evil. If you jam your fingers in the crack of a door, or stumble against a pile of bricks, let carelessly on the side-walk, or are half a minute too late for the cars, take it coolly—fretting won't heal the mischief. If the girl you like gives you the mitten, or if you have got married and found yourself egregiously "taken in," keep cool—fretting won't bring back the one, nor make an angel of the other. If your umbrella "comes up missing" when you especially need it, or you get caught in a rain storm with your Sunday clothes on—if you want to be captain of a military company and can't, or run at an election for an office, and get defeated—if your trunk is lost in traveling, or some gentlemanly pickpocket relieves you of your superfluous bank bills, take it easy—fretting may elongate your face, but won't afford any consolation for your troubles. Learn to be patient for your perplexity. It is scandalous for any man, however unfortunate, to be always fidgeting and fussing—growing and grumbling. One mend-fault is worth ten find-faults, all the world over. Why what a fever will a man put himself into to-day about something which he will only laugh at to-morrow—and yet, perhaps, the next morning you will find the same individual in a perfect frenzy of passion about some other matter ten times more trifling. Keep cool, then, and don't be needlessly worried. Remember that care once killed a cat, and it may kill you yet, if you are not careful. There's nothing like coolness; it never breaks things in its impatience. Coolness—did you ever see it tumble upstairs, or do itself a mischief? Study to be cool—aye, even if the house is on fire, or your horse runs away. Dangers retreat, when they're coolly confronted.

PRAYER.

There is something in the very act of prayer, that for a time stills the violence of passion and elevates and purifies the affections. When affliction presses hard, and the weakness of human nature looks round, in vain, for support, how natural is the impulse which throws us on our knees before Him who has laid his chastenings upon us! and how secure, how encouraging, is the hope that accompanies our supplication, for his pity! We believe that he who made us can not be unmoved with the sufferings of his creatures; and while sincerely asking his compassion, we almost feel that we receive it.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE TORY SPY,
AND
THE YANKEE SKIPPER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a horizontal crease near the top edge. A small dark spot is visible near the bottom center.

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